

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

OCTOBER
No. 66

COMICS

10¢

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
SM
★
10

BLACKHAWK

*finds ACTION in the
FORTRESS of FIENDISH!*



[illegible]

SHOOT SAFE & BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target... he handles his firearms with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife, or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds, pets, property or any other person... ever! Remember, carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes, factories. So... if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one... your parents, guardian or police have the right to take it from you... and should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!



MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

Get Your DAISY HANDBOOK NOW!

Ready—the amazing 128-page DAISY HANDBOOK—your guide to safe shooting, more fun! Featuring Red Ryder, Buck Rogers; comic strips—atomic bombs—how to saddle western style—adventure stories—jokes—mechanical marvels explained—trick shots—manual of marksmanship—woodcraft tips—many others. Also included... complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog describing the beautiful Daisys being made and delivered to dealers fast as the supply of materials and labor permits. Get your Handbook. Hurry—limited supply. Mail dime (10c) and unused 3c stamp, with name, address to Daisy—we'll send Handbook postpaid!



ILLUSTRATED BELOW IS THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000 SHOT
RED RYDER CARBINE

MODEL
No. 111



DAISY AIR RIFLES

... QUALITY PRODUCTS OF

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4910 UNION ST., DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

SAFETY TIPS



BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "latch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid cuts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalks. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "latch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.



DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get our driver's license—and after you get it, you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run... walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

MODERN COMICS

BLACKHAWK



Can death have struck at last to
to the very heart of the world's
greatest team of fearless fighters
for justice and right

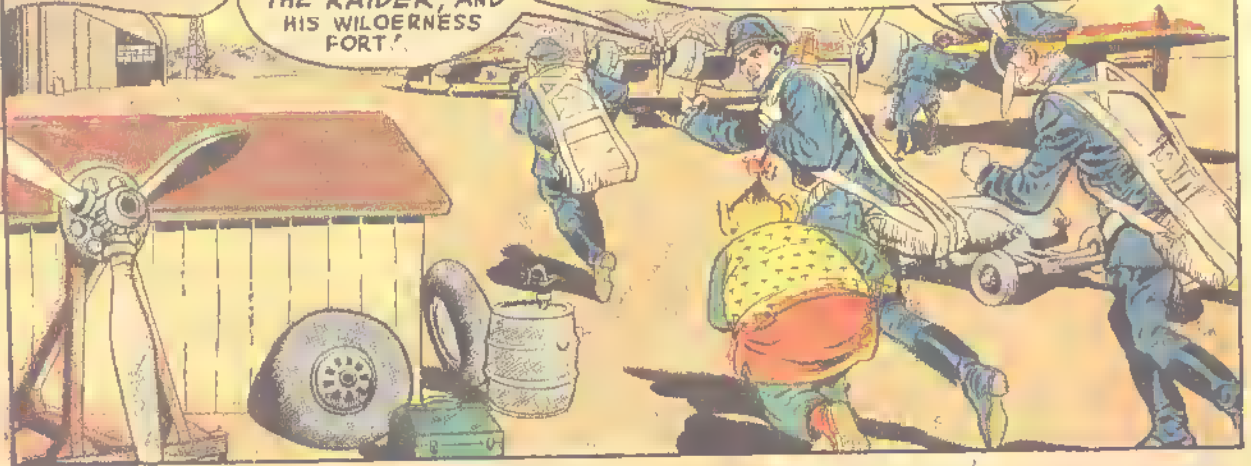
THE BLACKHAWKS?

Does Blackhawk himself meet
his doom? The answer to the
mystery was written in grim
letters of blood in the heart of
the evil fortress of **FIENDISH!**

Blackhawk
Island...and
a call to arms!

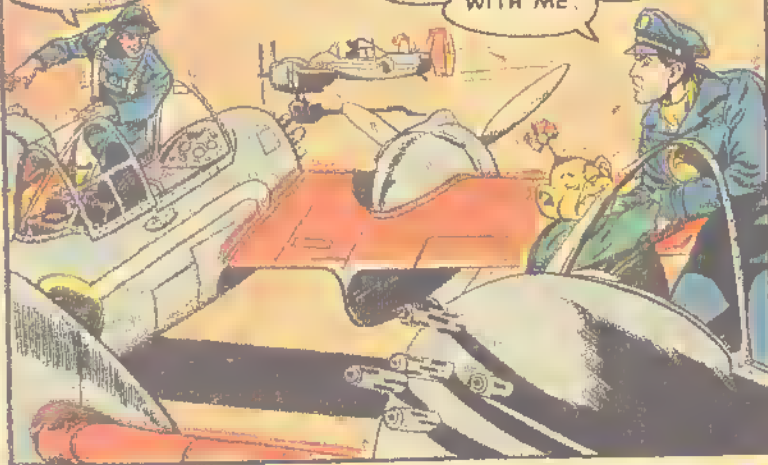
THIS IS IT, MEN! NOW
WE KNOW THE TRUTH
ABOUT **FIENDISH,**
THE RAIDER, AND
HIS WILDERNESS
FORT!

YES! MASTER OF MARAUDERS FROM ALL NATIONS!
ALMOST AS POWERFUL IN MEN AND WEAPONS AS A
REAL NATION! NO NATIONAL ARMY CAN TACKLE HIM
FOR FEAR OF VIOLATING TREATIES!



BUT WE CAN ATTACK,
FOR WE ARE OF NO ONE
NATION!

WE'RE OF **ALL NATIONS!**
READY TO TAKE OFF...
CHOP CHOP COMES
WITH ME!



Where e'er we find our foe,
We strike a deadly blow...
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



And at Fiendish's
stronghold...

ATTENTION,
GUARD! RADAR
SHOWS THAT
STRANGE PLANES
ARE APPROACHING!
RADIO RECEIVER
PICKS UP A
STRANGE
SONG!



IT'S THE SONG OF THE
BLACKHAWKS! THEY'RE
HEADING STRAIGHT FOR
US!

NO OTHER GROUP
WOULD HAVE THE
INSOLENCE TO ATTACK
US! QUICK, REPORT
TO FIENDISH!



MR. FIENDISH,
THE BLACKHAWKS
ARE REPORTED
COMING TO
ATTACK!

THOSE
UPSTART
SWINE... SELF-
APPOINTED
PROTECTORS
OF THE WORLD'S
HELPLESS FOOLS!
WE'LL MEET THEM
HALF WAY!



MODERN COMICS

MAN ALL OUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENSES! SEND OUR PLANES TO FIGHT THEM --- WE HAVE TWICE THEIR NUMBERS!

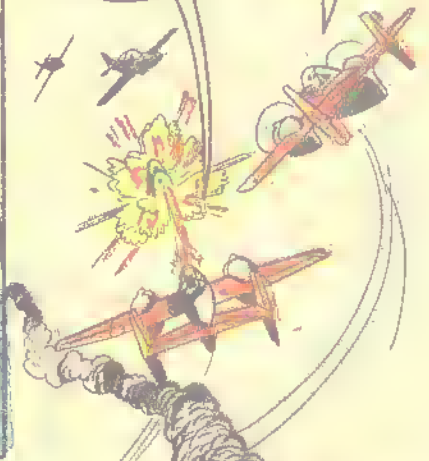


I SEE AIRCRAFT RISING AND FORMING FOR BATTLE! GIVE 'EM THE SPECIAL BLACKHAWK TREATMENT... FOLLOW THROUGH!



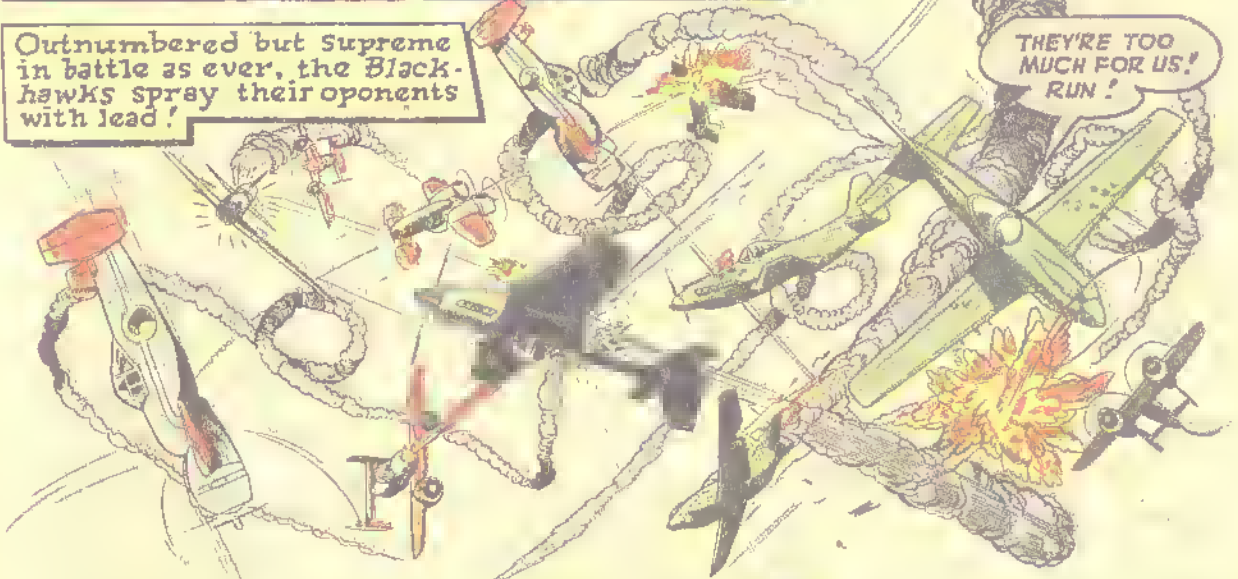
FIRST SCORE TO US!

LEAVE SOME FOR ME!



Outnumbered but supreme in battle as ever, the Blackhawks spray their opponents with lead!

THEY'RE TOO MUCH FOR US! RUN!

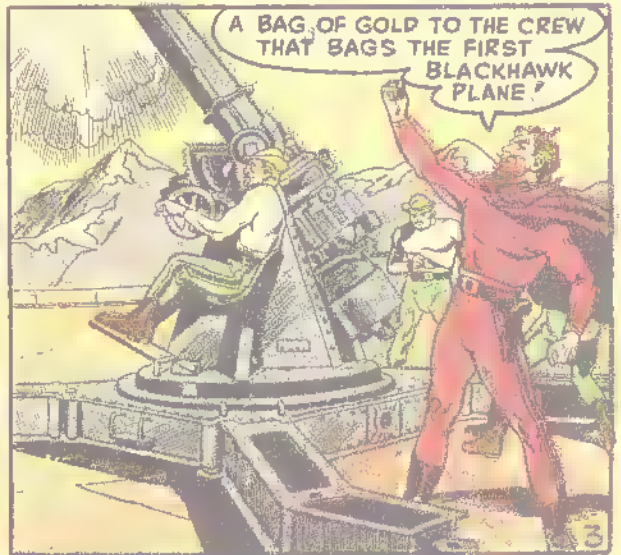


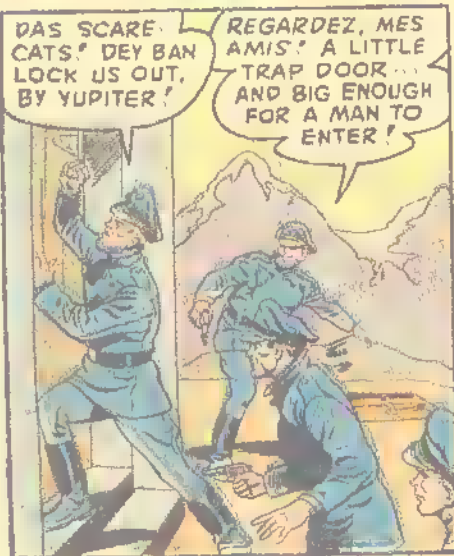
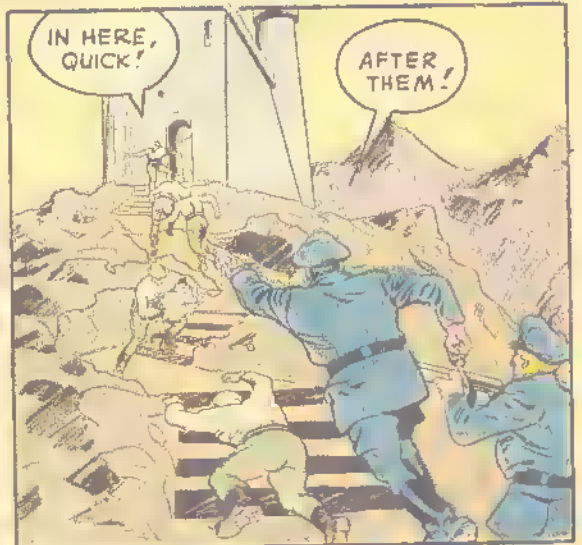
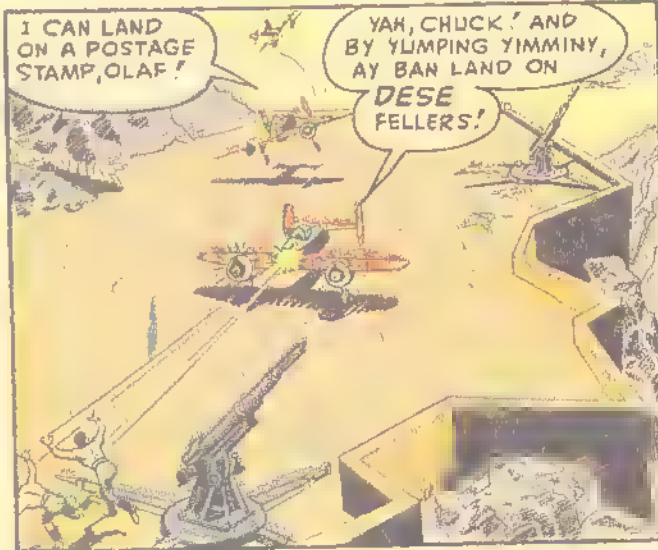
OUR PLANES ARE BEING DRIVEN BACK!

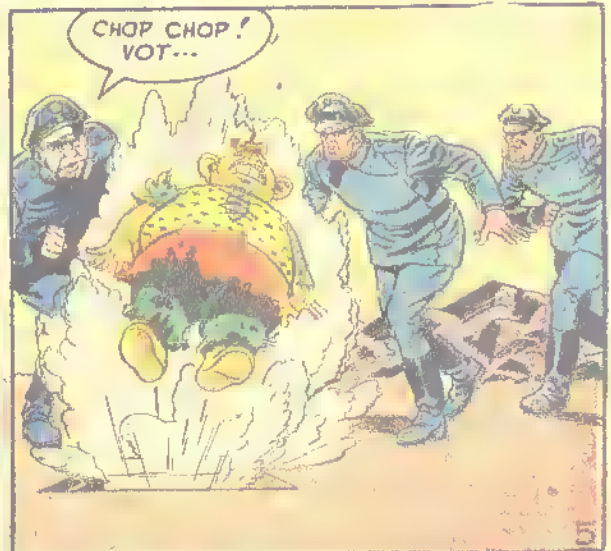
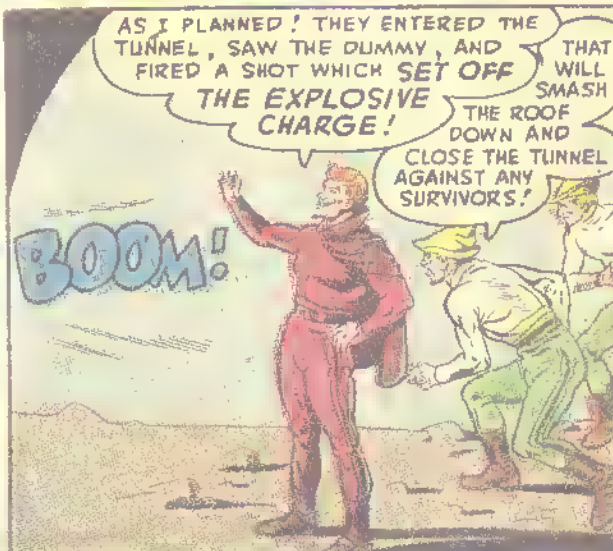
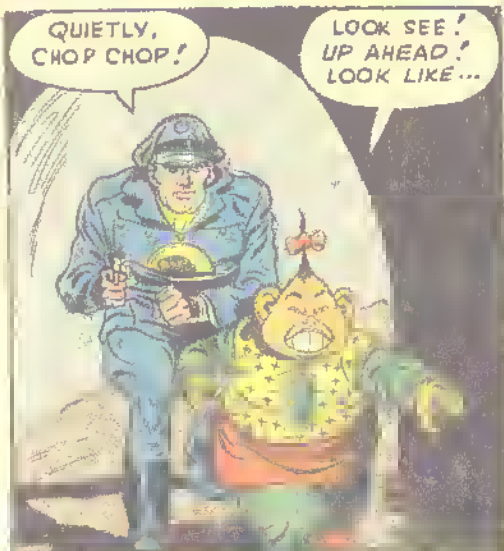
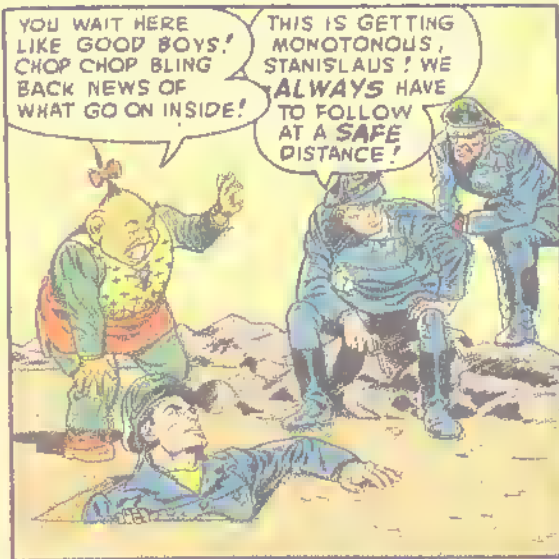
DON'T STAND THERE YAMMERING! COVER THEIR RETREAT WITH ARTILLERY FIRE!

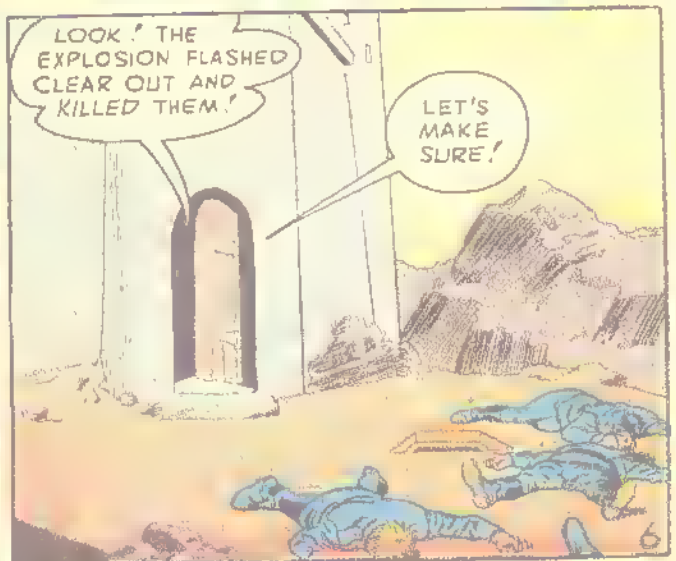
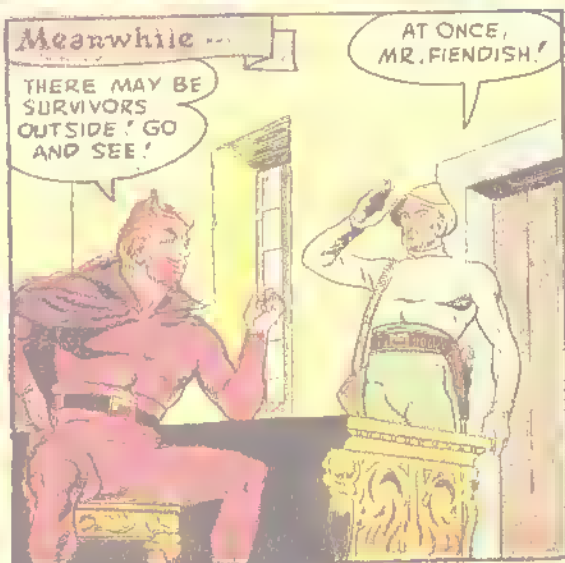
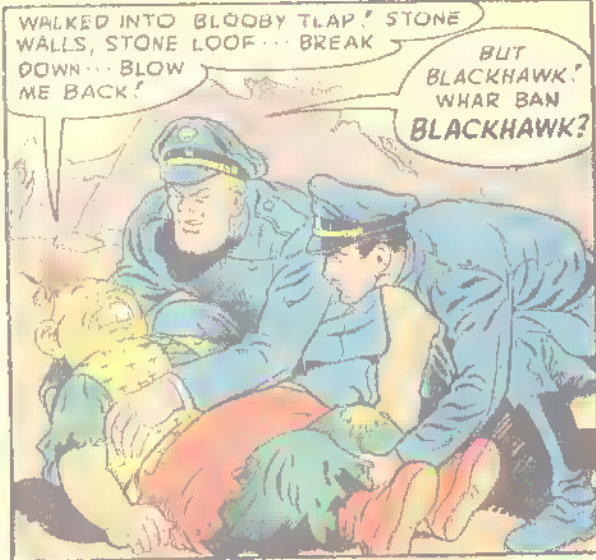


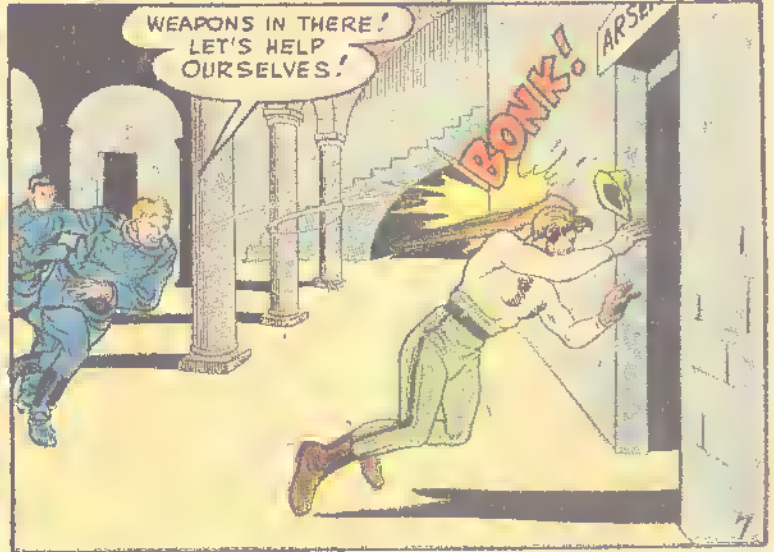
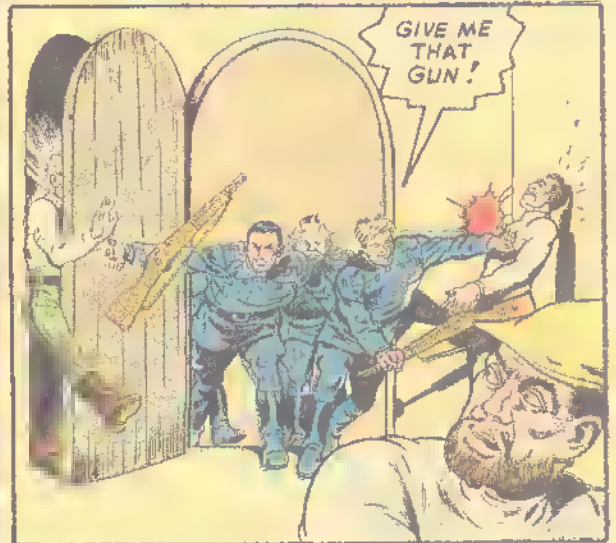
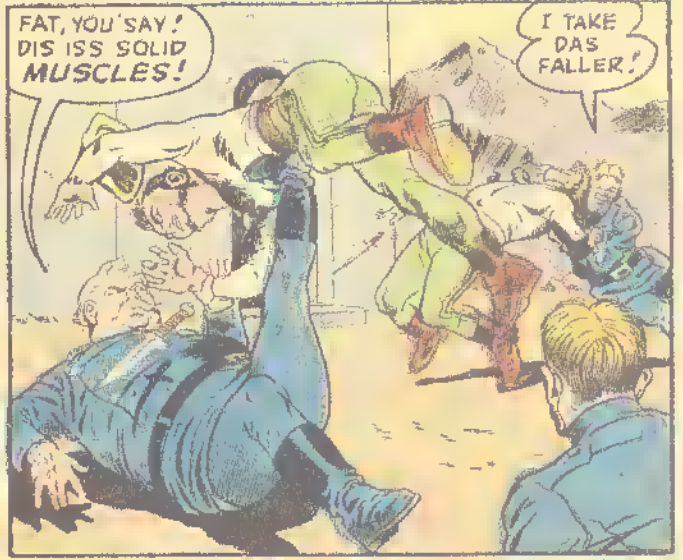
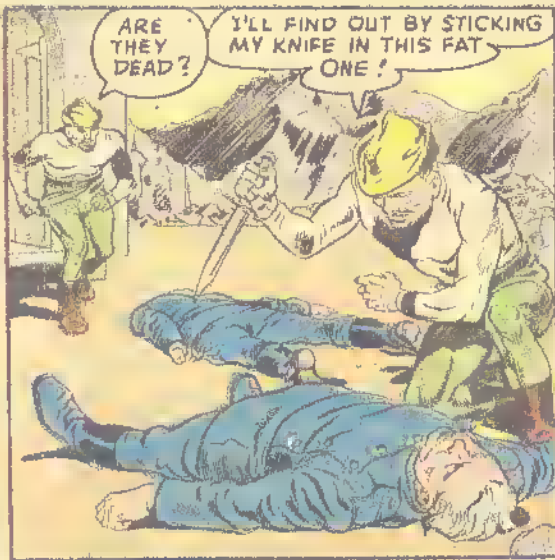
A BAG OF GOLD TO THE CREW THAT BAGS THE FIRST BLACKHAWK PLANE!





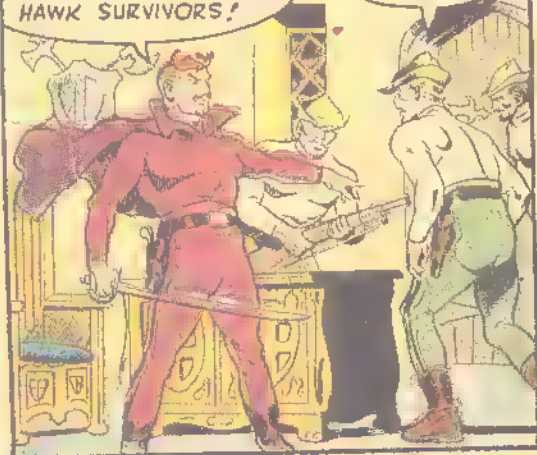






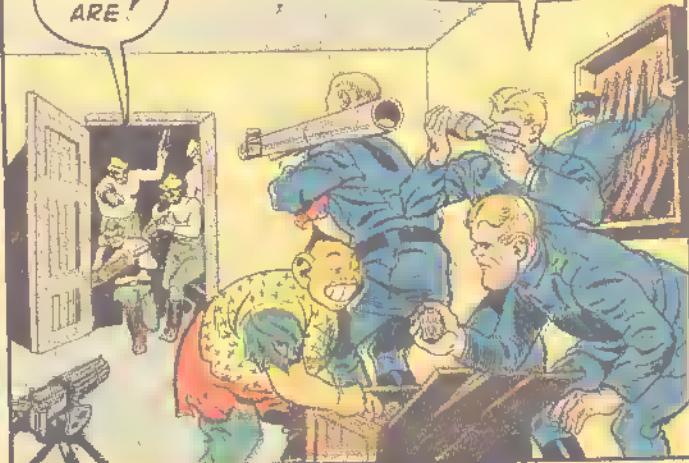
I HEARD A COMMOTION FROM THAT QUARTER OF THE FORTIFICATIONS. THERE MUST BE BLACK-HAWK SURVIVORS!

WE'LL GO THERE! ENOUGH OF US TO WIPE THEM OUT!



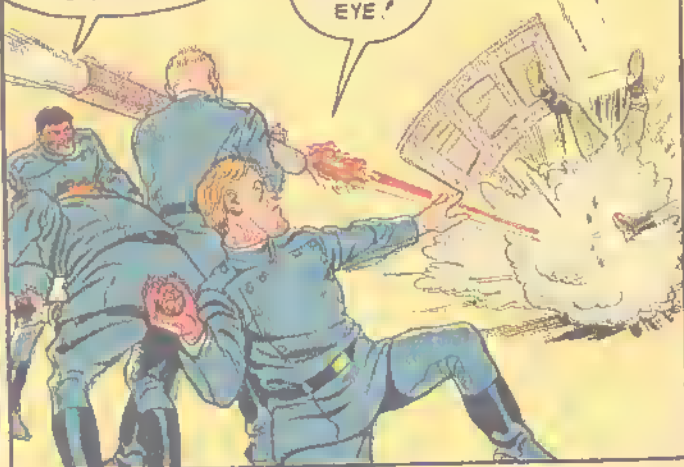
THERE THEY ARE!

YEE'S, HERE WE ARE! WE WERE GETTING BORED UNTIL YOU CAME!



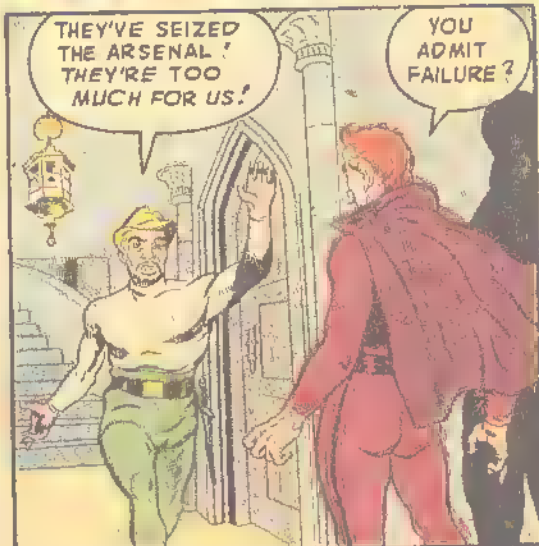
EET EES WHAT YOU CALL ZE EYE OF ZE BULL!

AY BAN HIT DAS ODDER EYE!



THEY'VE SEIZED THE ARSENAL! THEY'RE TOO MUCH FOR US!

YOU ADMIT FAILURE?



I DO NOT ALLOW MY FOLLOWERS TO BE DEFEATED! I'M RETIRING TO THE **INNER DEFENSES!**

BANG!



ZIS PLACE EES AS BEEG AS A MAMMOTH CAVE! WHICH WAY LIES ZE HEADQUARTERS OF FIENDISH?

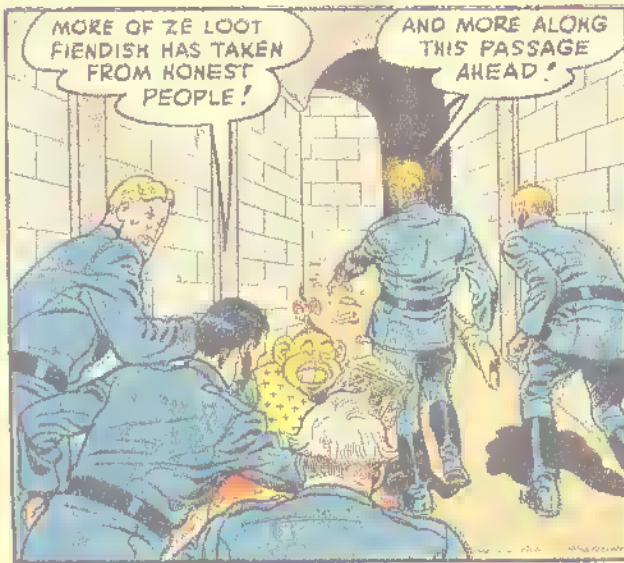
LOOK!



I KNOW ZE NECKLACE! EET EES PART OF FIENDISH'S LOOT FROM A TREASURE TRAIN!

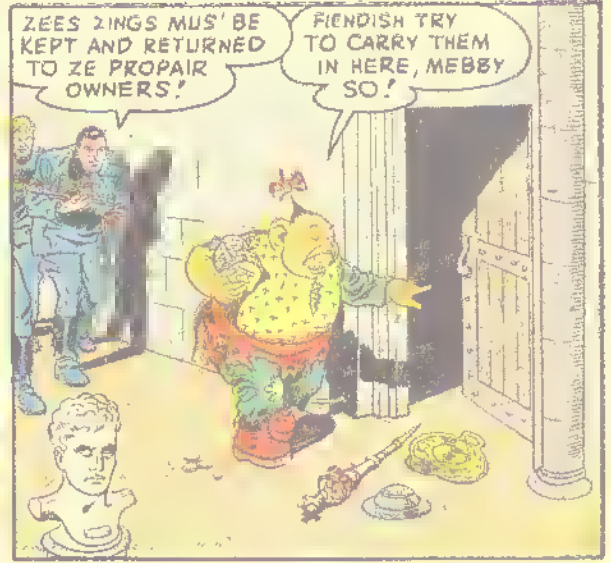
LOOK SEE! PLETTY PICTURE!





MORE OF ZE LOOT
FIENDISH HAS TAKEN
FROM HONEST
PEOPLE!

AND MORE ALONG
THIS PASSAGE
AHEAD!



ZEE'S ZINGS MUS' BE
KEPT AND RETURNED
TO ZE PROPRIETOR
OWNERS!

FIENDISH TRY
TO CARRY THEM
IN HERE, MEBBY
SO!



ZUT ALORS! WE HAVE
DISCOVERED ZE HIDDEN
TREASURE OF ZE
ROBBER FIENDISH!

I FEEL
DIZZY...
FAINT...

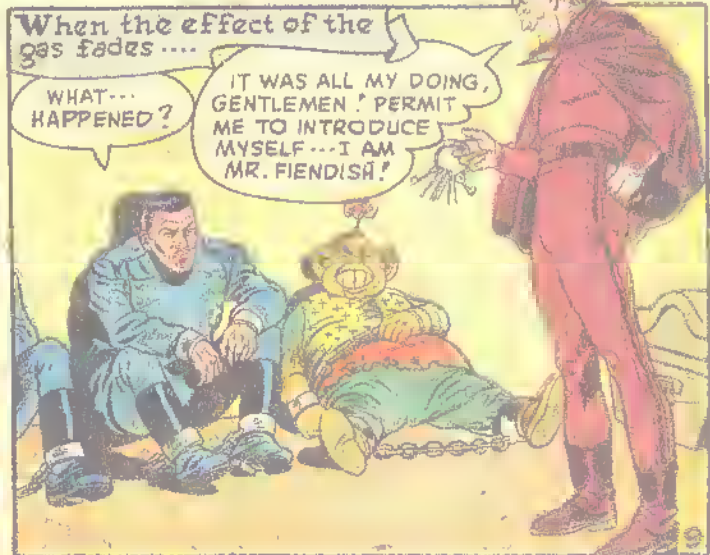


HELP
STANISLAUS...
OHHHH!

MY HEAD BAN
FEEL FUZZY!



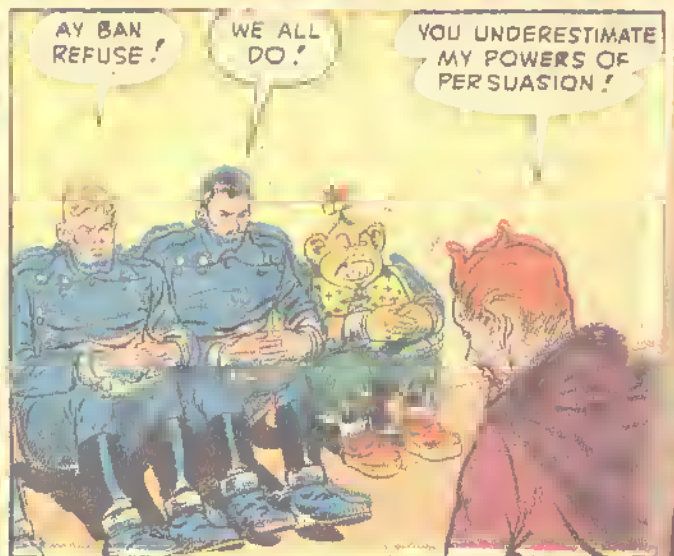
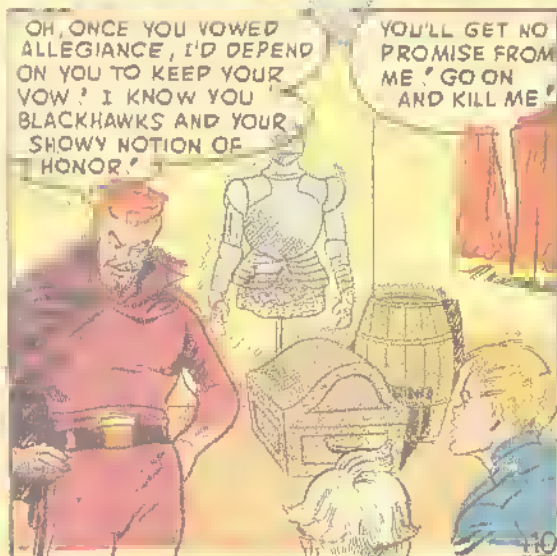
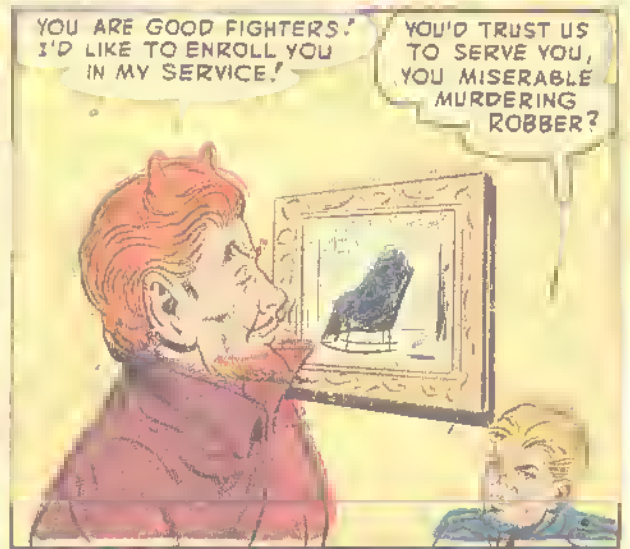
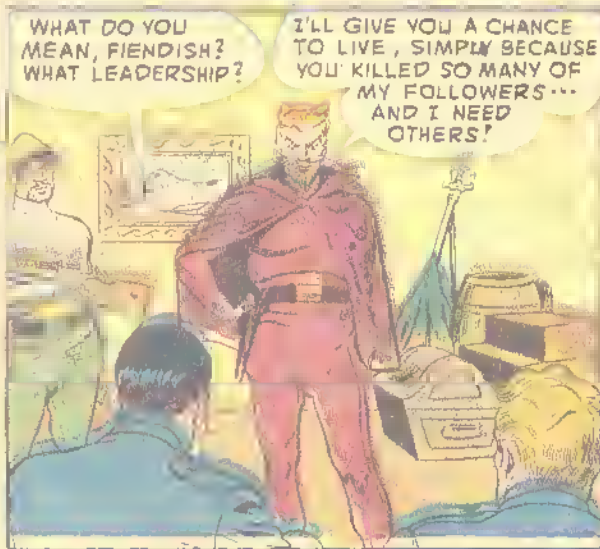
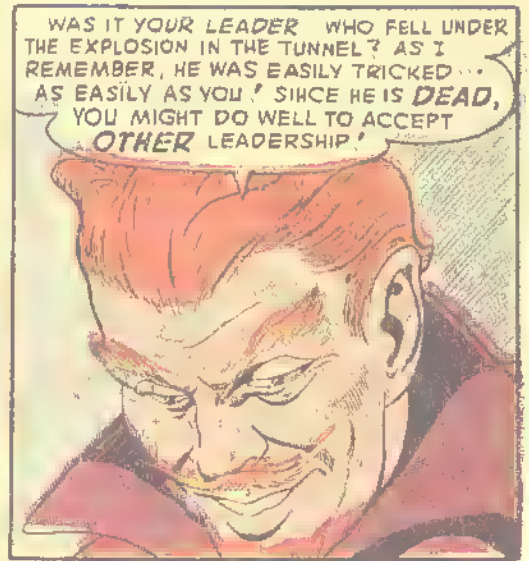
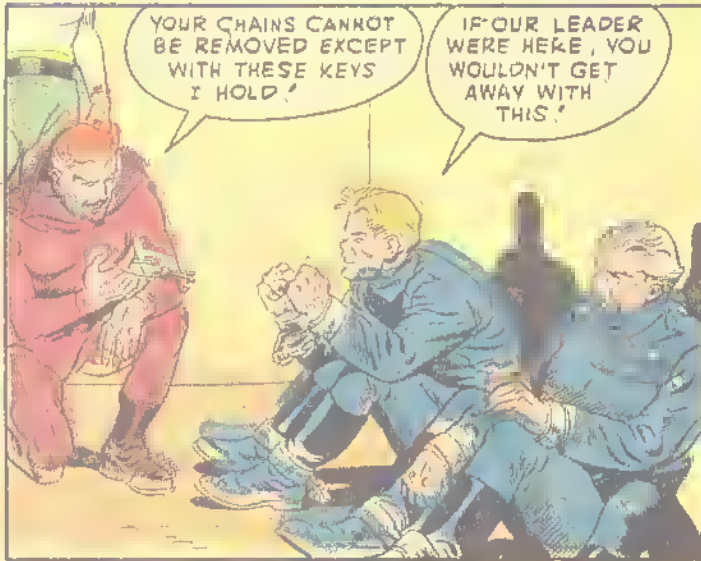
THEY ARE QUIET NOW!
TURN OFF THE SLEEPING
GAS AND BIND THEM
BEFORE THEY
WAKE!

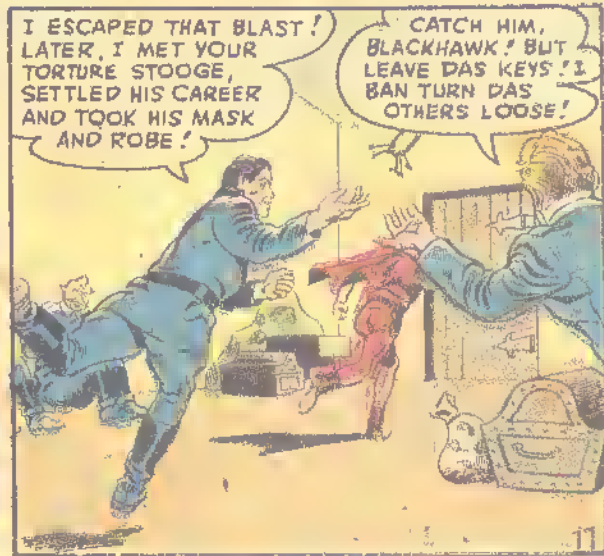
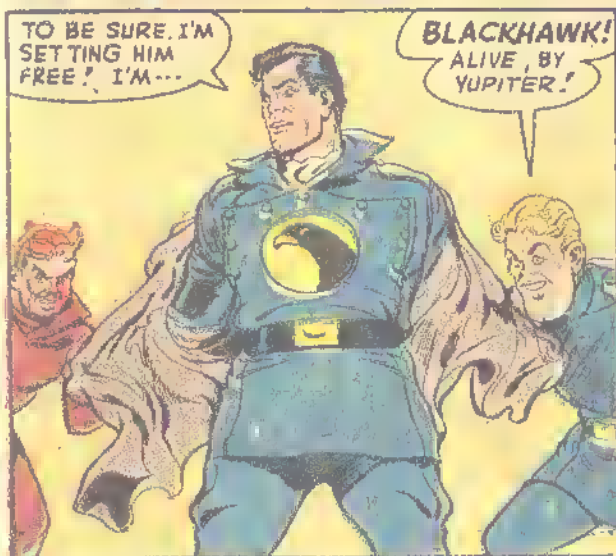
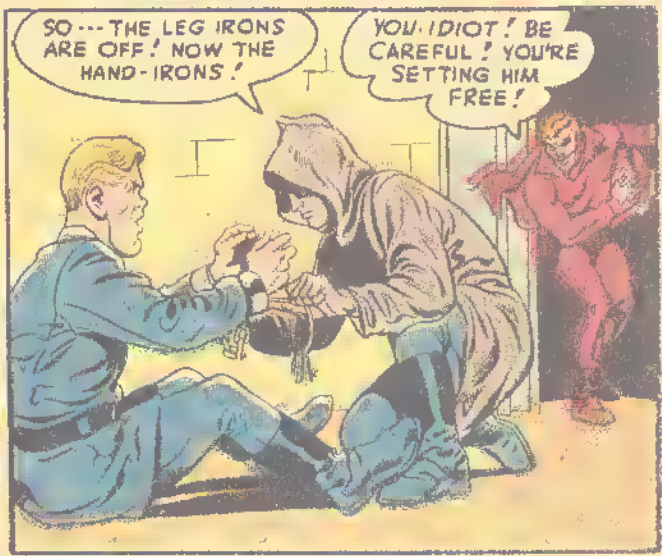
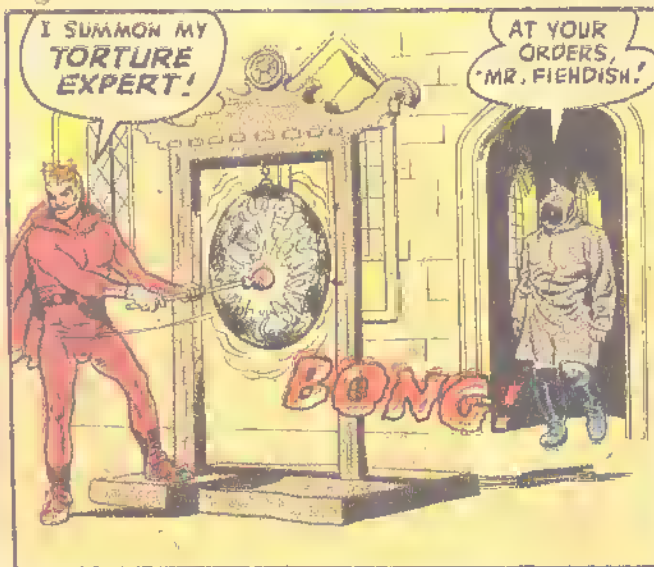


When the effect of the
gas fades...

WHAT...
HAPPENED?

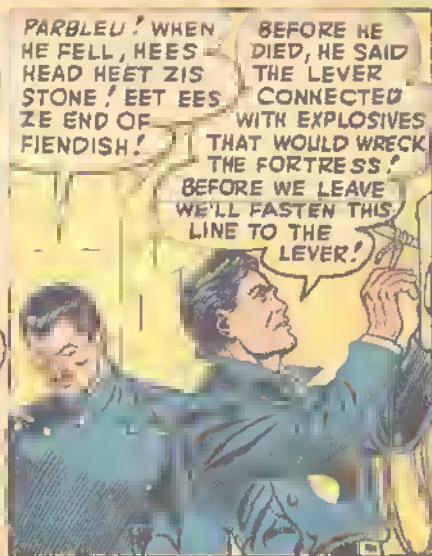
IT WAS ALL MY DOING,
GENTLEMEN! PERMIT
ME TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF... I AM
MR. FIENDISH!

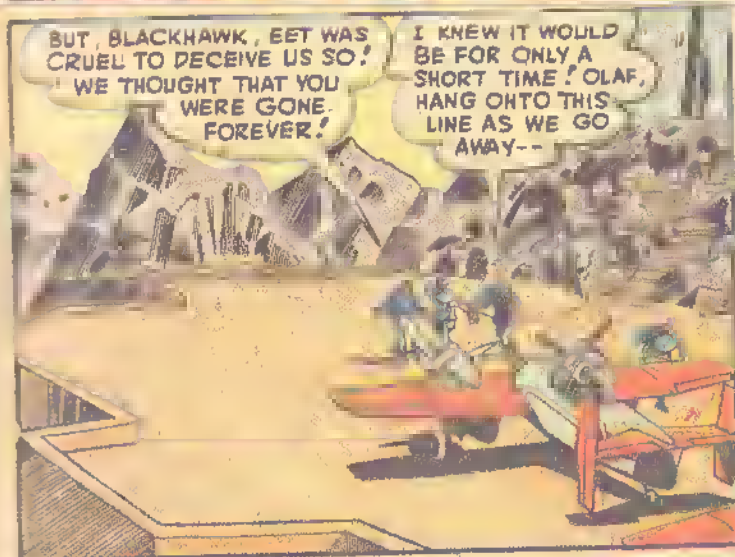




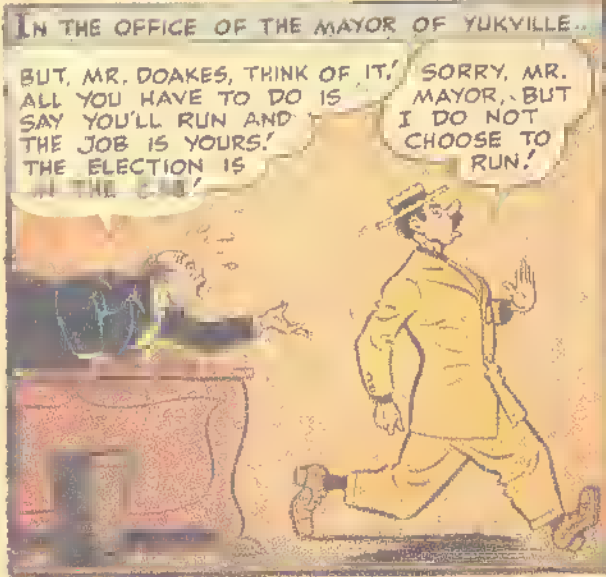


Within seconds the BLACKHAWKS subdue the henchmen of Fiendish....





DOGGTAG



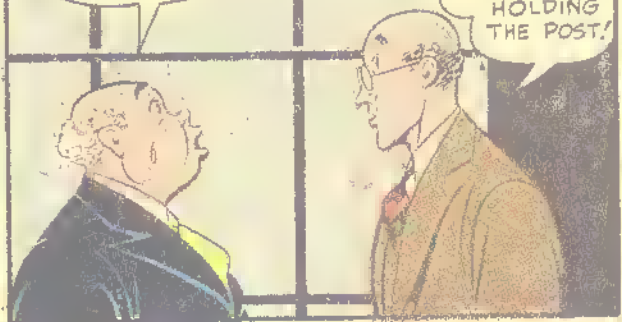
IT'S NO USE, MR. VICE-MAYOR! WE'VE OFFERED THE NOMINATION TO NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY CITIZENS! NOBODY WANTS THE JOB!

TSK! TSK! AN ELECTIVE POST OF SUCH DISTINCTION, TOO-- AND NO COMPETITORS IN THE ELECTION! AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE VOTERS HAVE ALREADY CAST THEIR BALLOTS FOR ANYBODY WHO'LL TAKE THE JOB!



THAT'S WHAT'S SO DISTURBING ABOUT IT! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PICK A MAN... **ANY** MAN! THERE MUST BE A MAN SOMEPLACE WHO'LL TAKE IT!

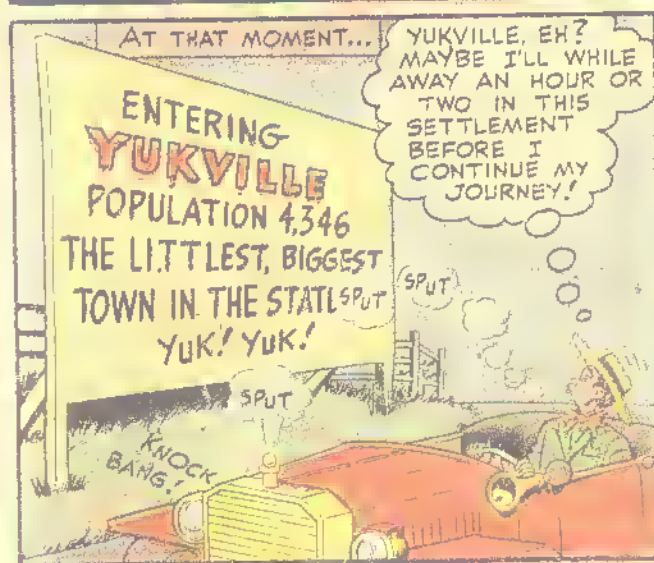
YOU'VE HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD, MR. MAYOR! IF WE COULD FIND A CANDIDATE WHO IS NOT A NATIVE OF YUKVILLE, HE MIGHT GRASP THE DISTINCTION, THE HONOR OF HOLDING THE POST!



AT THAT MOMENT...

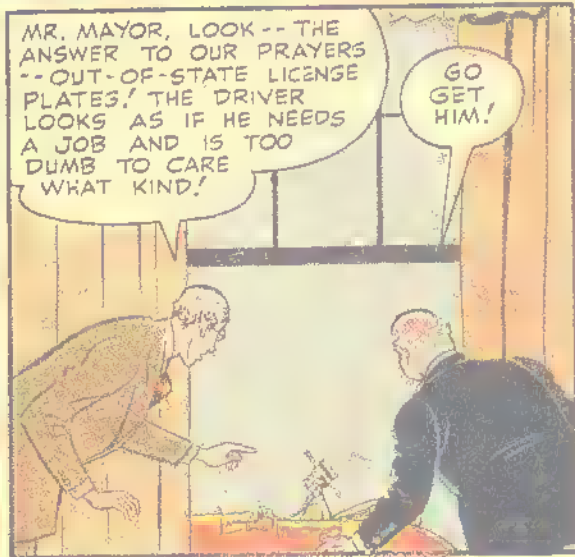
ENTERING
YUKVILLE
POPULATION 4,346
THE LITTLEST, BIGGEST
TOWN IN THE STATE
YUK! YUK!

YUKVILLE, EH? MAYBE I'LL WHILE AWAY AN HOUR OR TWO IN THIS SETTLEMENT BEFORE I CONTINUE MY JOURNEY!



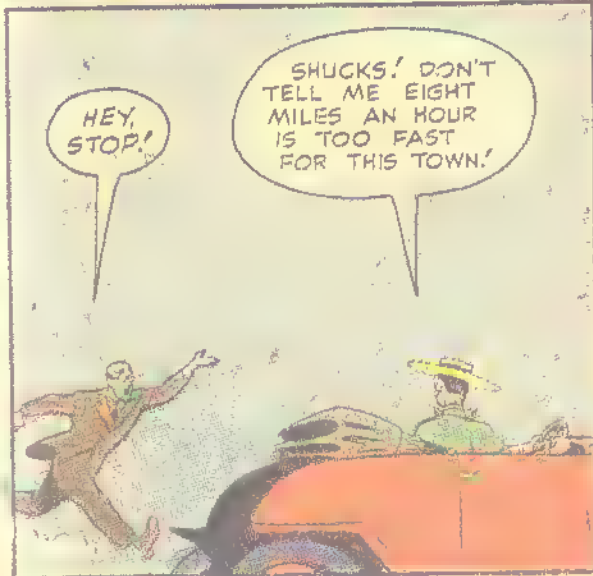
MR. MAYOR, LOOK-- THE ANSWER TO OUR PRAYERS -- OUT-OF-STATE LICENSE PLATES! THE DRIVER LOOKS AS IF HE NEEDS A JOB AND IS TOO DUMB TO CARE WHAT KIND!

GO GET HIM!



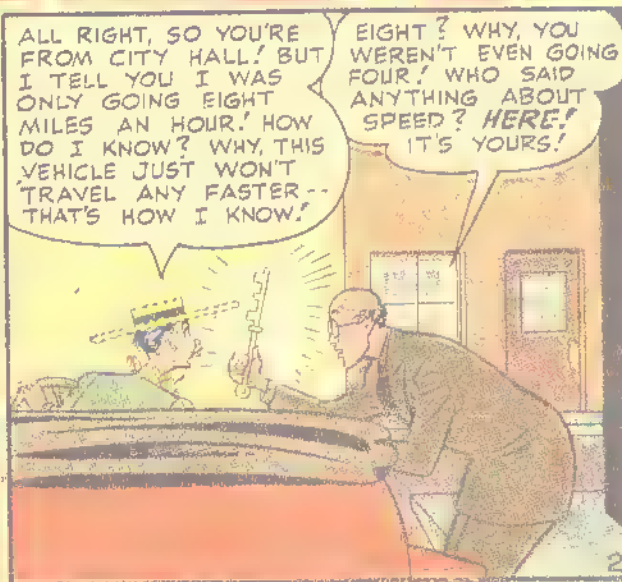
HEY, STOP!

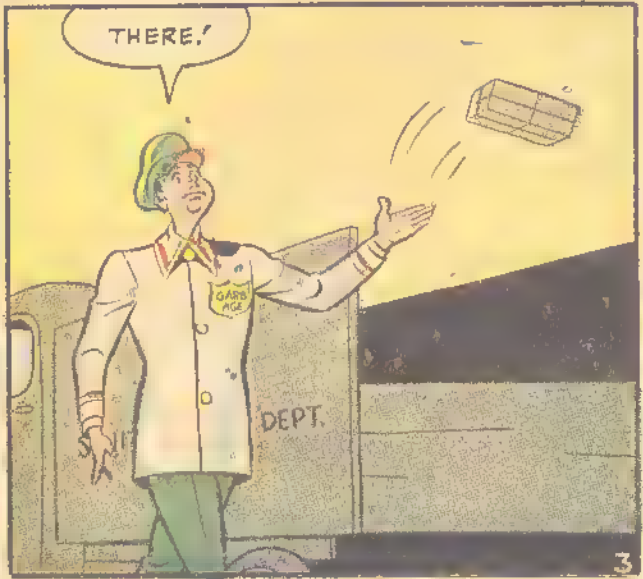
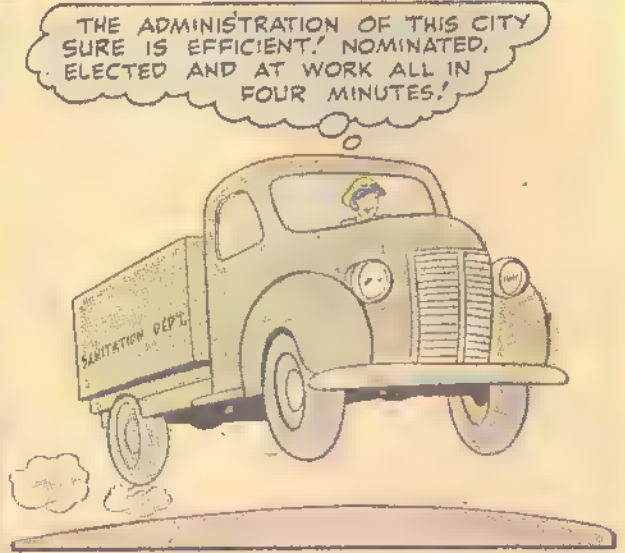
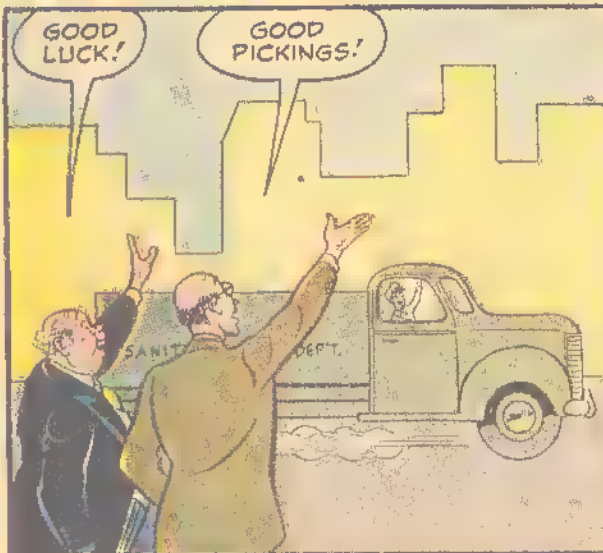
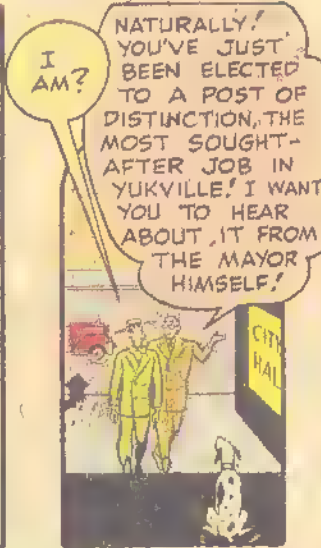
SHUCKS! DON'T TELL ME EIGHT MILES AN HOUR IS TOO FAST FOR THIS TOWN!



ALL RIGHT, SO YOU'RE FROM CITY HALL! BUT I TELL YOU I WAS ONLY GOING EIGHT MILES AN HOUR! HOW DO I KNOW? WHY, THIS VEHICLE JUST WON'T TRAVEL ANY FASTER-- THAT'S HOW I KNOW!

EIGHT? WHY, YOU WEREN'T EVEN GOING FOUR! WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT SPEED? **HERE!** IT'S YOURS!





AND
INSIDE
THE
HOUSE

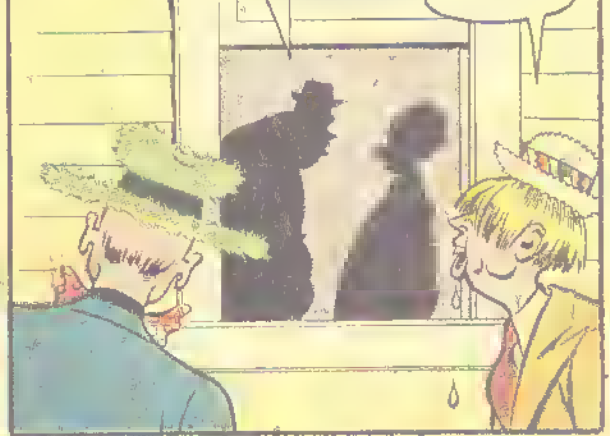
MIKE, THAT
AIN'T THE
SWAG. WHERE'S
THE OTHER
PACKAGE?

I THREW
IT OUT! I
THOUGHT
IT WAS
RUBBISH!



IN THE RUBBISH?
HOW'LL WE EVER
GET IT NOW?

D'JA HEAR
THAT? THEY
MUSTA HAD
SUMP'N!



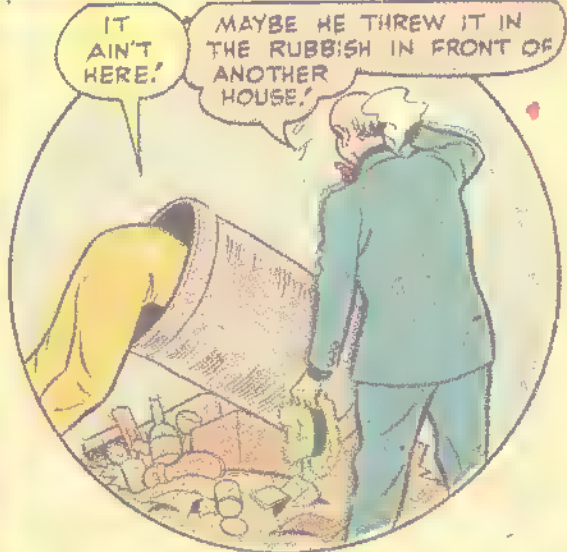
ALL WE
GOTTA
DO IS
FIND IT
IN THE
RUBBISH!

BANG!
PLANG!



IT
AIN'T
HERE!

MAYBE HE THREW IT IN
THE RUBBISH IN FRONT OF
ANOTHER
HOUSE!



WE CAN'T FIND IT! IT'S HOPELESS!
IF WE KEEP GOING THROUGH EVERY-
BODY'S RUBBISH, THE COPS'LL GET
SUSPICIOUS! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
TO DO-- WE'VE GOT TO BECOME THE

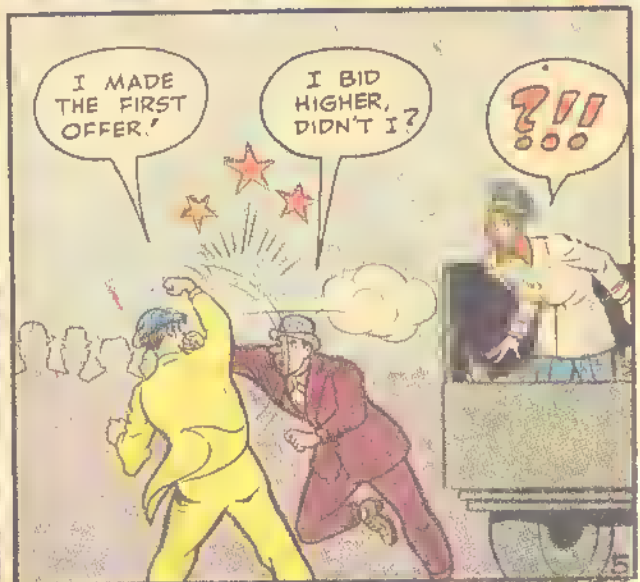
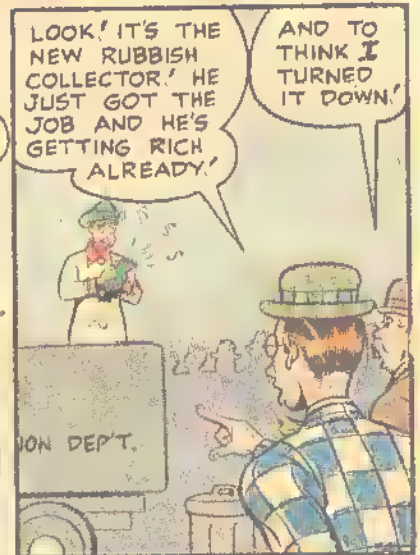
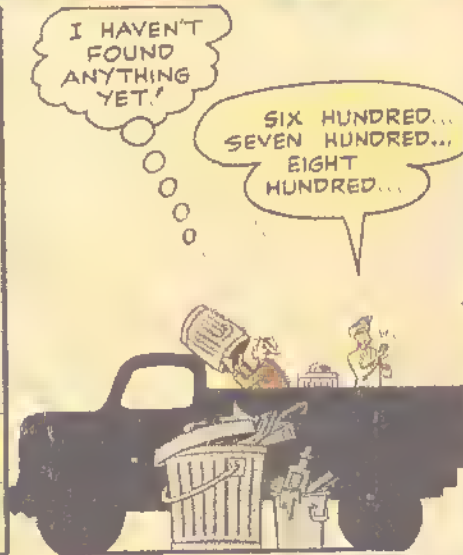
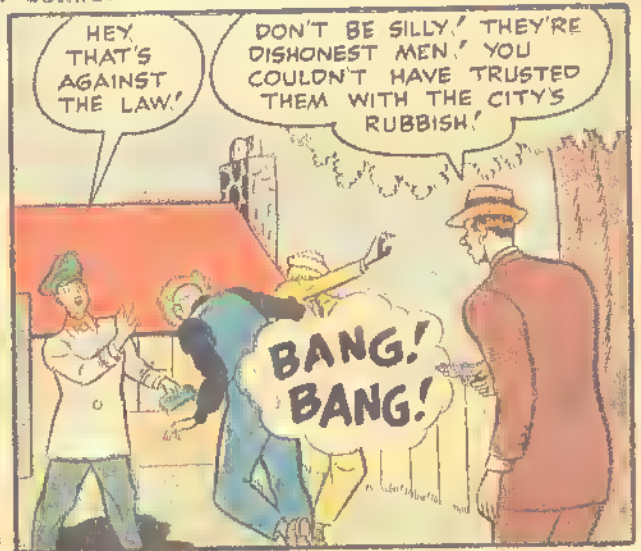
RUBBISH COLLECTORS!

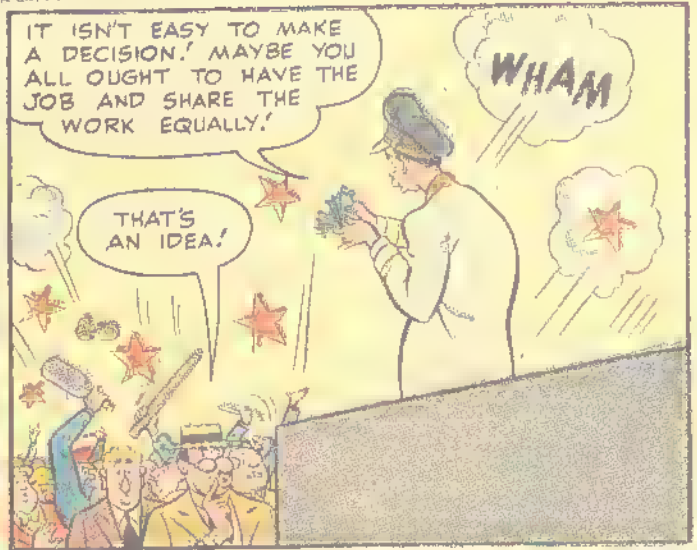
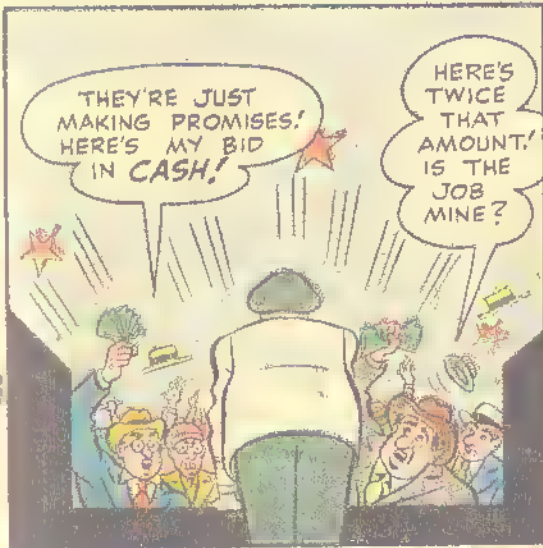
THAT I
SHOULD
LIVE
TO
SEE
THIS
DAY!
ALAS!



A LIGHT CAN--
I'LL TRY IT!







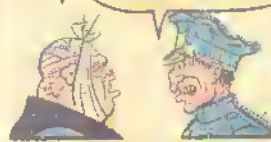
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO ASK HIM HOW HE GOES ABOUT GETTING ALL THE MONEY! I DON'T SEE ANY!

GRAWK! THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD IS HEP TO MY ANGLE! I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT IT OUT!



MEANWHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

SO THEN I WAS SHOT! WHEN I CAME TO, ME CONSCIENCE BOTHERED ME, SO I DECIDED TO CONFESS! WE STOLE THEM SPECIAL COOKIES FOR THE BIG BOSS ON ACCOUNT HE WON'T EAT NO COOKIES WHICH AIN'T STOLEN! AND THEN THE BOX OF COOKIES DISAPPEARED?



SHOOTING! RIOTING! CALL THE MAYOR! THIS IS THE BIGGEST EMERGENCY YUKVILLE'S EVER HAD! AND ALL ON ACCOUNT OF SOME COOKIES!

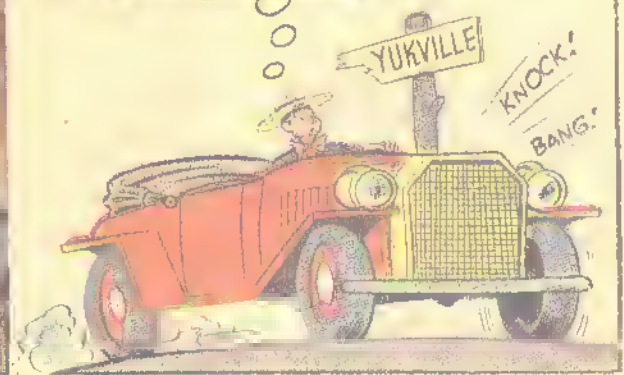


IF I LET THEM ALL BE RUBBISH COLLECTORS, WHO'S GOING TO DO ANY OTHER WORK IN YUKVILLE?

EITHER **NOBODY** WANTS THE JOB OR **EVERY-BODY** DOES! SUCH A DILEMMA!



I REALLY CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER I DID A WISE THING! FOR A WHILE THERE, I HAD A JOB WITH DIGNITY--AND MAYBE A FUTURE! NOW ALL I'VE GOT'S ABOUT TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, EXCEPT FOR THE DOUGH I HAVEN'T COUNTED YET!



Torchy



TORCHY, PLEASE COME OUT TO MAPLE PARK! I'LL MEET YOU THERE! I WANT TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE PRESENT!

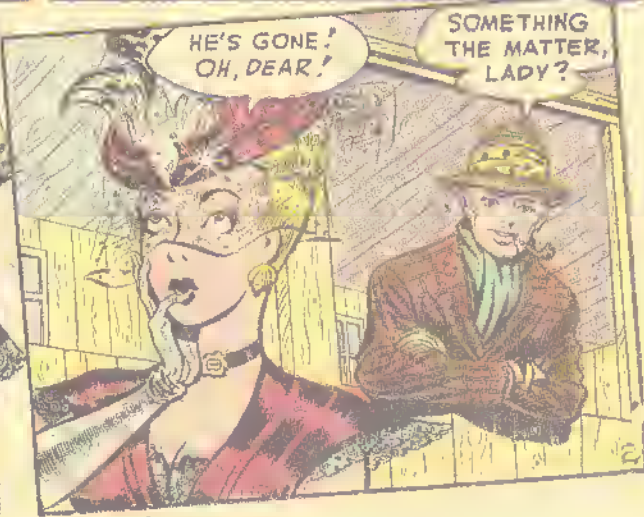
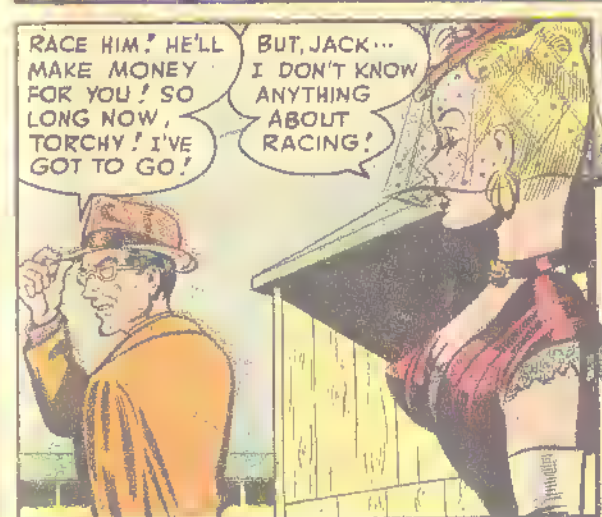
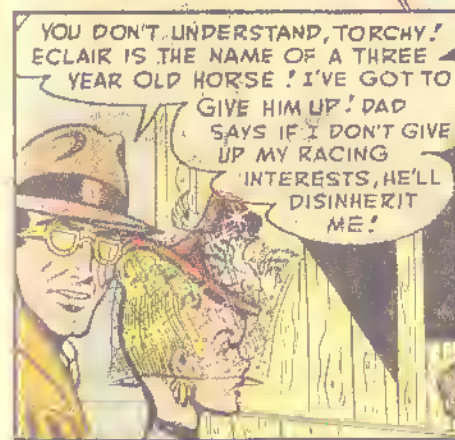
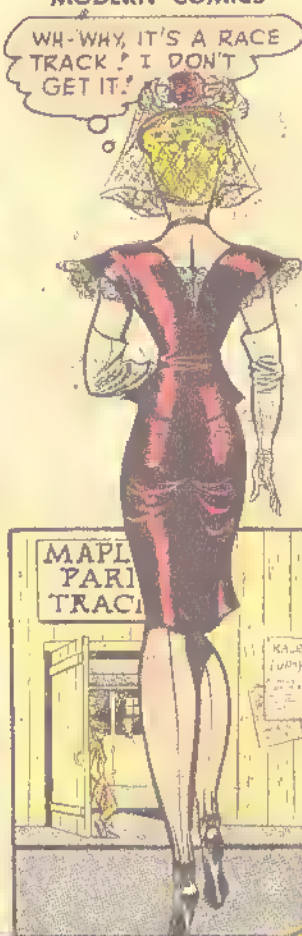
DON'T WORRY, TORCHY! YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU'LL MARRY ME IF YOU TAKE IT! IT'S ONLY A LITTLE THING AND YOU'LL BE DOING ME A FAVOR!

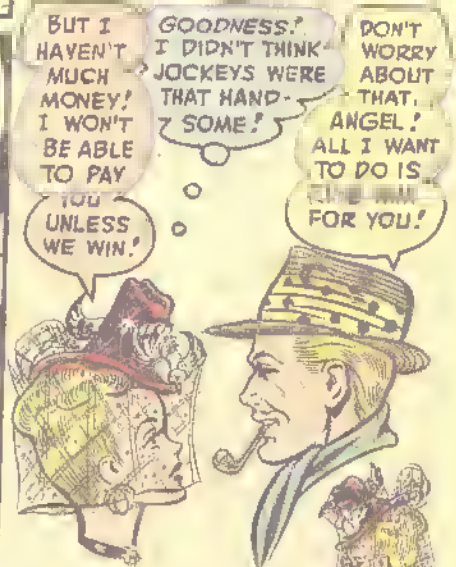
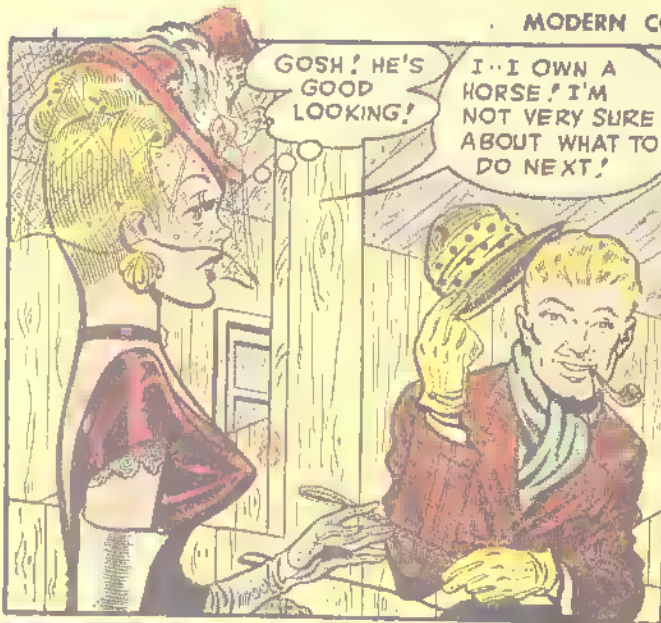
I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT, THEN! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

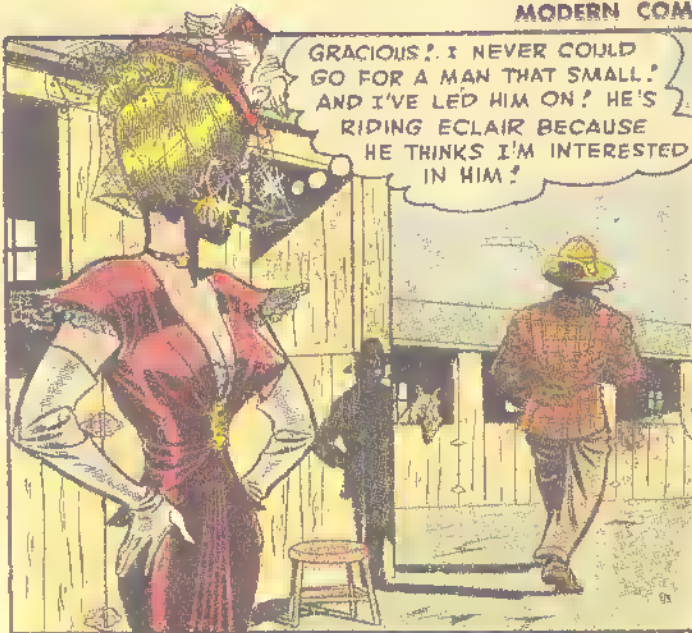
A PRESENT? BUT, JACK, I CAN'T...



MODERN COMICS







GRACIOUS! I NEVER COULD GO FOR A MAN THAT SMALL! AND I'VE LED HIM ON! HE'S RIDING ECLAIR BECAUSE HE THINKS I'M INTERESTED IN HIM!

I WAS, TOO, UNTIL I SAW HOW LITTLE HE IS!



And in the steward's office ...

WHAT? YOU'RE GOING TO RIDE ECLAIR? BUT I WANTED YOU TO RIDE SPLITHOOF IN THAT RACE! YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT SPLITHOOF!

BUT...



DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR **BUTS**, YOU LITTLE @#*+!?!*!



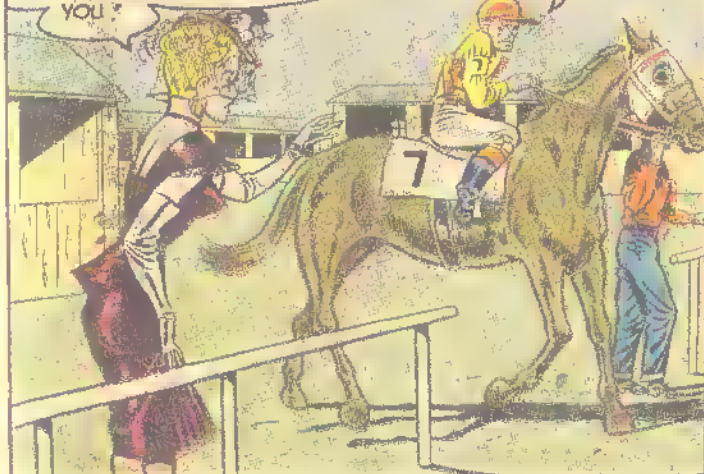
SHE HUNG UP ON ME! SHE'LL NEVER TALK TO ME AGAIN, IF I RIDE ECLAIR --- BUT I CAN'T BACK OUT OF IT NOW! THAT GIRL IS DEPENDING ON ME!



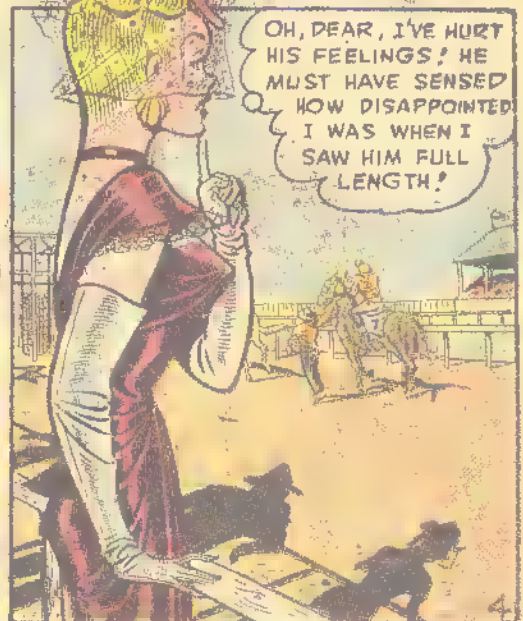
Before the race

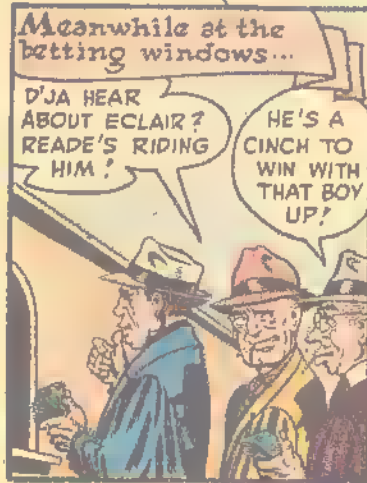
OH, MR. READE ... THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME ANYTHING! I UNDERSTAND



OH, DEAR, I'VE HURT HIS FEELINGS! HE MUST HAVE SENSED HOW DISAPPOINTED I WAS WHEN I SAW HIM FULL LENGTH!

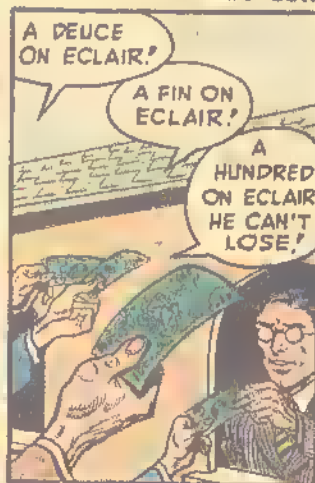




Meanwhile at the betting windows...

D'JA HEAR ABOUT ECLAIR? READE'S RIDING HIM!

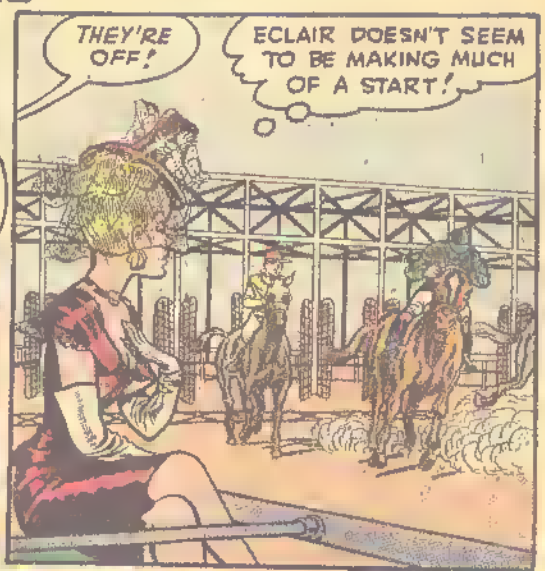
HE'S A CINCH TO WIN WITH THAT BOY UP!



A DEUCE ON ECLAIR!

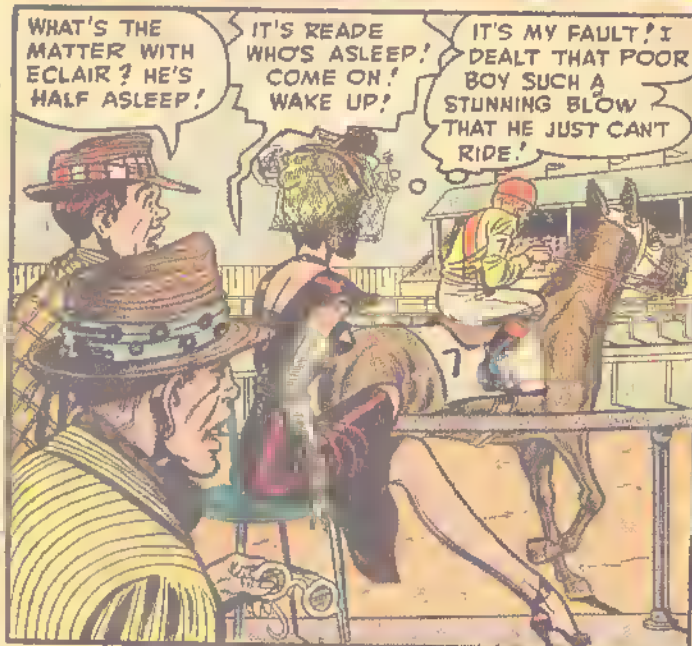
A FIN ON ECLAIR!

A HUNDRED ON ECLAIR! HE CAN'T LOSE!



THEY'RE OFF!

ECLAIR DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH OF A START!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ECLAIR? HE'S HALF ASLEEP!

IT'S READE WHO'S ASLEEP! COME ON! WAKE UP!

IT'S MY FAULT! I DEALT THAT POOR BOY SUCH A STUNNING BLOW THAT HE JUST CAN'T RIDE!



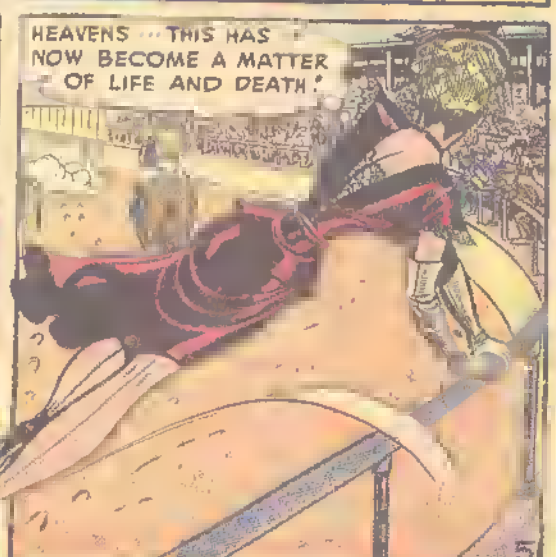
LOOK, SISTER, I JUST GOT WORD THAT YOU'RE ECLAIR'S NEW OWNER! MY NAME IS SURE-SHOT CONNERS AND I DON'T LIKE DAMES WHAT FIX THEIR NAGS TO LOSE... ESPECIALLY WHEN I GOT MY BUNDLE ON SAID NAGS!

GRAWK!

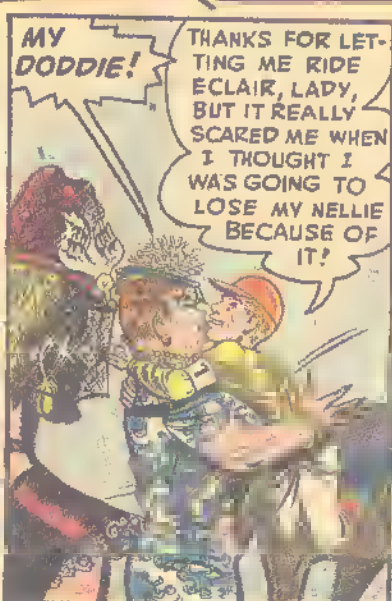
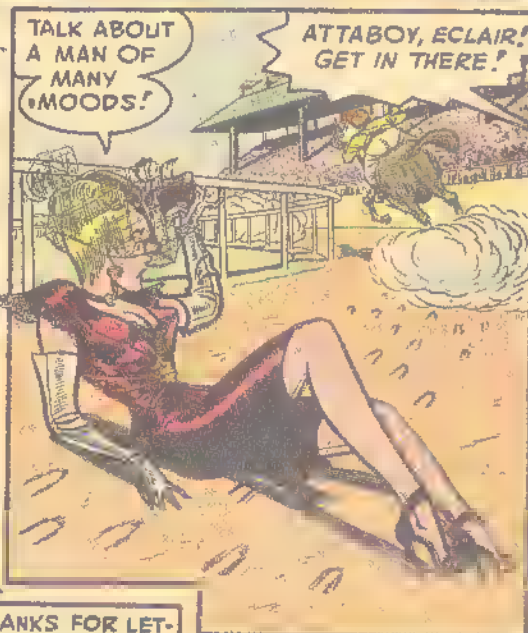
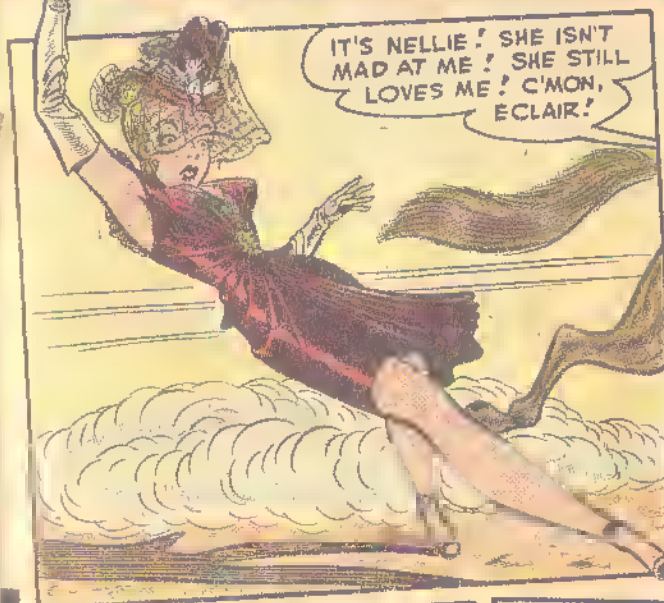
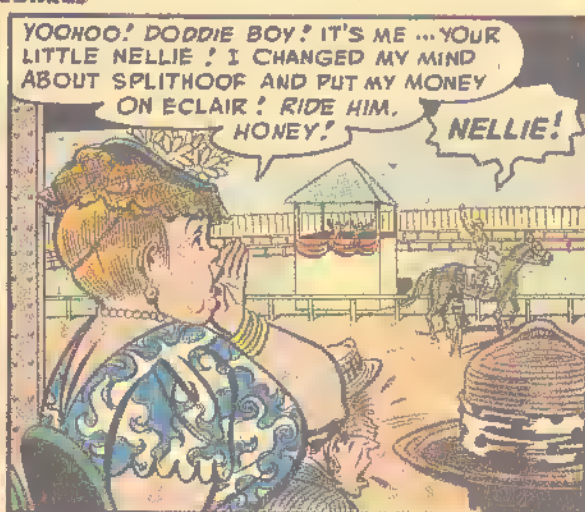
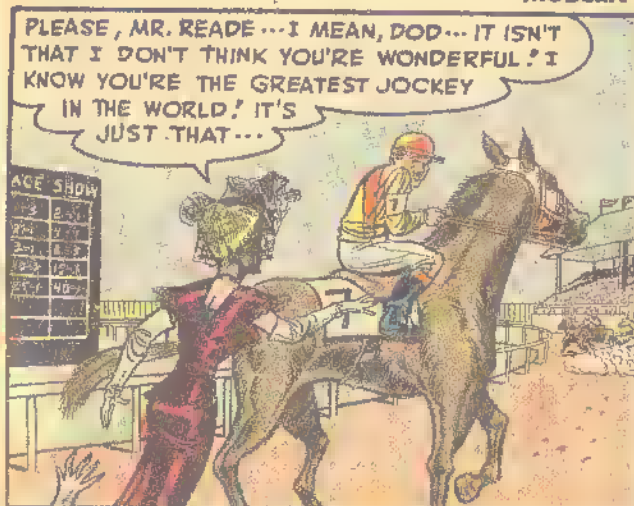


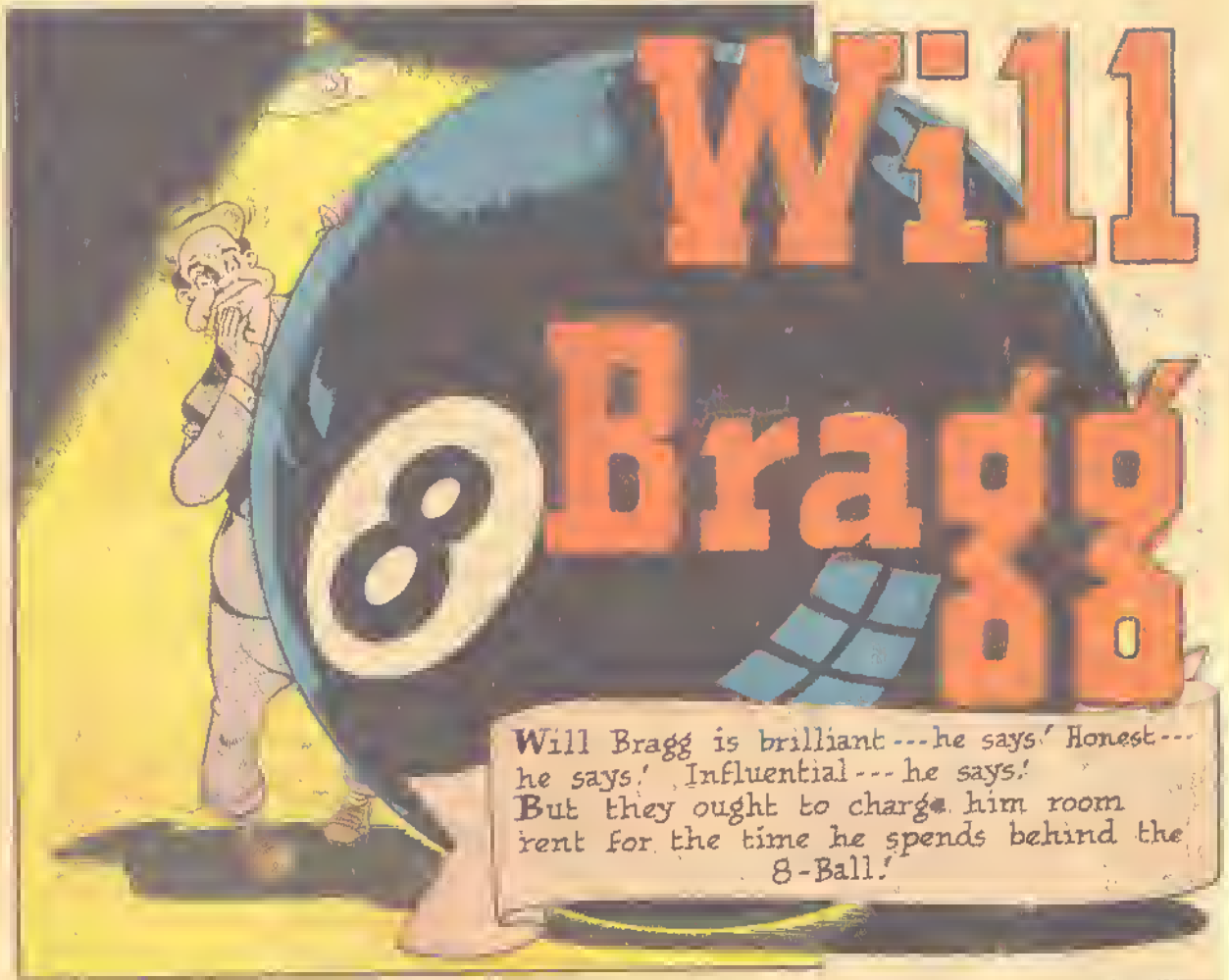
SO MAYBE YOU BETTER DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT BEFORE I START MAKIN' THIS ROSCOE SMOKE!

GULP! OH... ER... SURE... OF COURSE!



HEAVENS... THIS HAS NOW BECOME A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

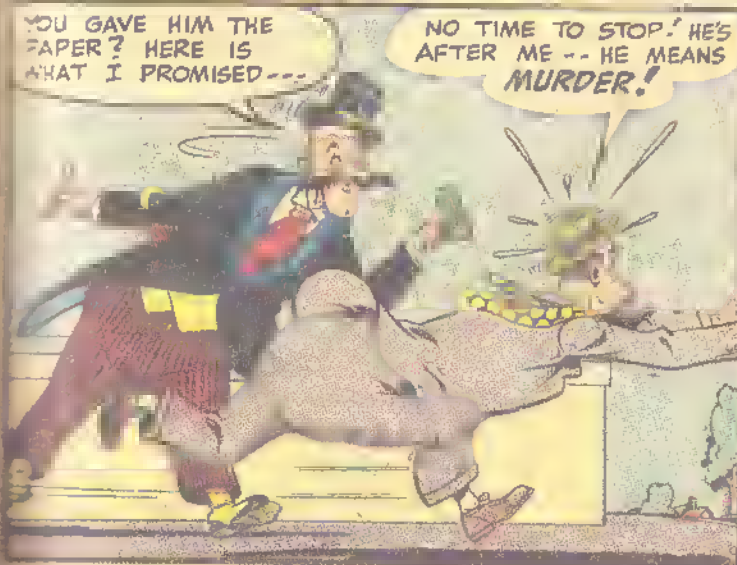
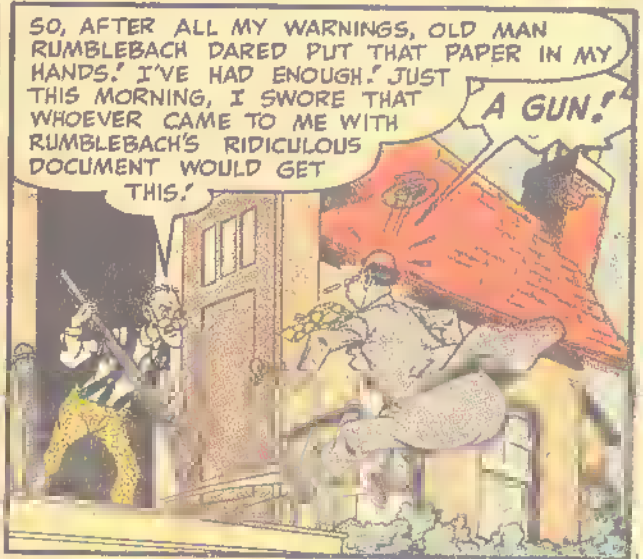
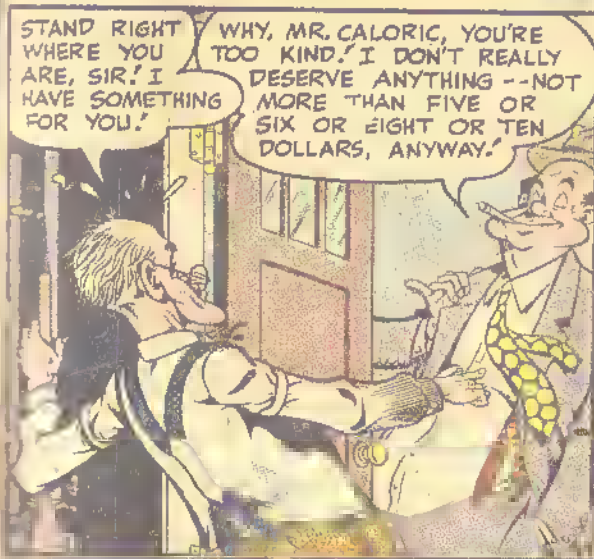
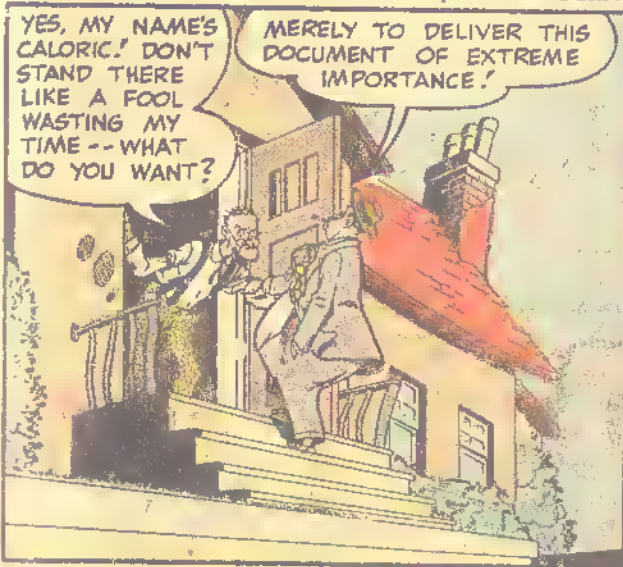




Will Bragg is brilliant---he says. 'Honest---he says.' Influential---he says. But they ought to charge him room rent for the time he spends behind the 8-Ball!

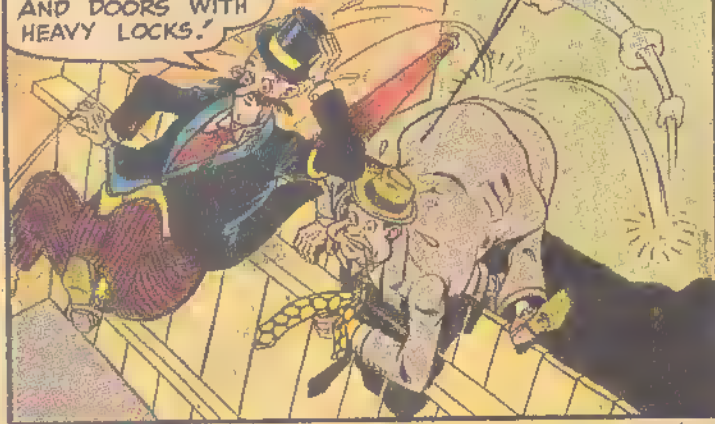
Will Bragg isn't fond of exercise--but the day was fine, the street pleasant, and the citizens might be inspired by a sight of his magnificent person.' So he strolled forth---





PLEASE DON'T BLOCK THE WAY, I MUST LOOK FOR SHELTER. LOTS OF IT-- WITH THICK WALLS AND BARRED WINDOWS AND DOORS WITH HEAVY LOCKS.

THE TOWN JAIL! POLICE PROTECTION! THAT'S IT-- HURRY!



I CAN'T RUN THAT FAST, BUT I'LL FOLLOW. WHAT I PROMISED TO DO SHALL BE DONE!

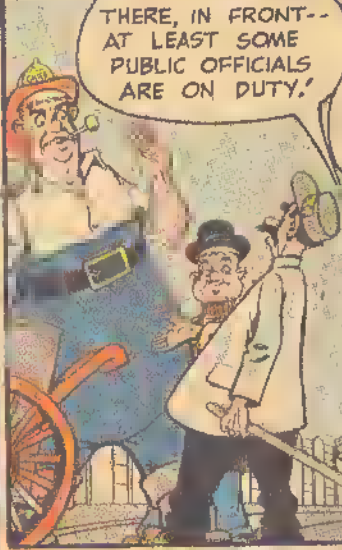


WE'RE LOST! THE JAIL IS LOCKED AND THE POLICE ARE GONE FOR THE DAY!

QUICK! LET'S GO TO MY PLACE--- MRS. MAHOULAHAN'S BOARDING HOUSE!



THERE, IN FRONT-- AT LEAST SOME PUBLIC OFFICIALS ARE ON DUTY!



AH, YES-- FIRE CHIEF SWENSON AND TONY THE STREET CLEANER. PERHAPS, IN ABSENCE OF THE POLICE, THEY'LL DEFEND US FROM CALORIC!

GULLY! SWENSON! TONY! MY FRIENDS, HELP ME ESCAPE FROM A MURDEROUS MONSTER! HE'S FOLLOWING MR. RUMBLEBACH AND ME WITH A GUN.



NOW IF HE WAS GOING TO SET FIRE TO YOU, I MIGHT PUT OUT THE BLAZE, BUT GUNS---THEY'RE NOT IN MY DEPARTMENT, WILL! ORRY!

NOTTA IN STREETA CLEAN DEPARTMENT, NEITHER! IFA HE TEARA YOU UP, THROWA YOU INA STREET, I SWEEPA YOU UP! DATSA ALL-- GOODA BYE!

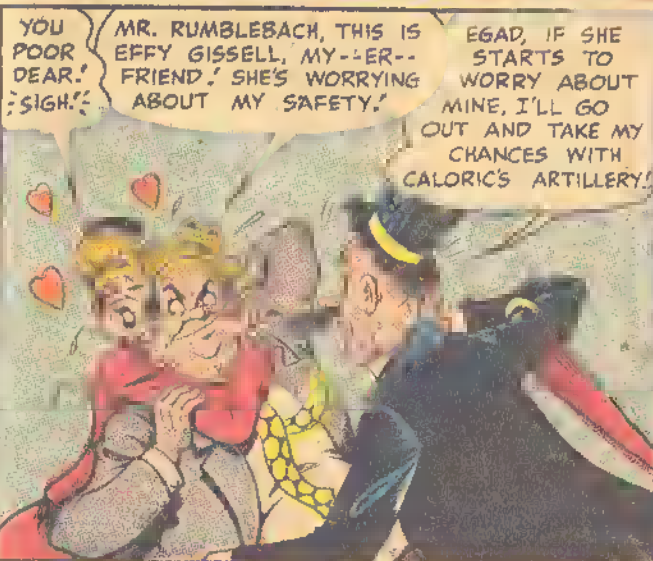
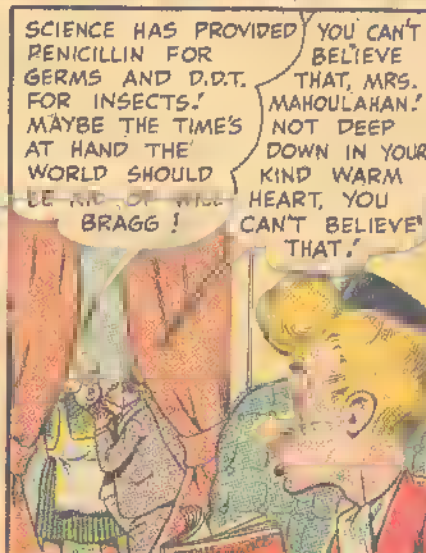
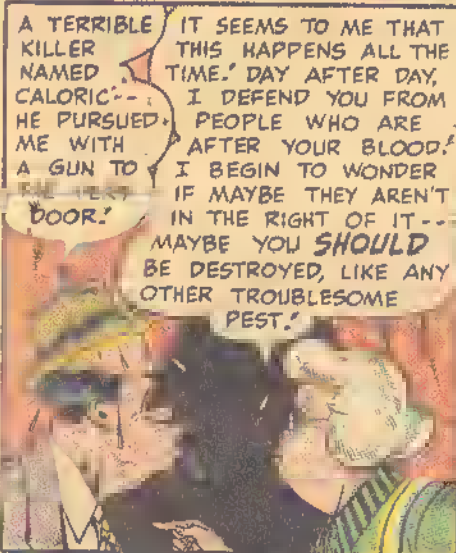
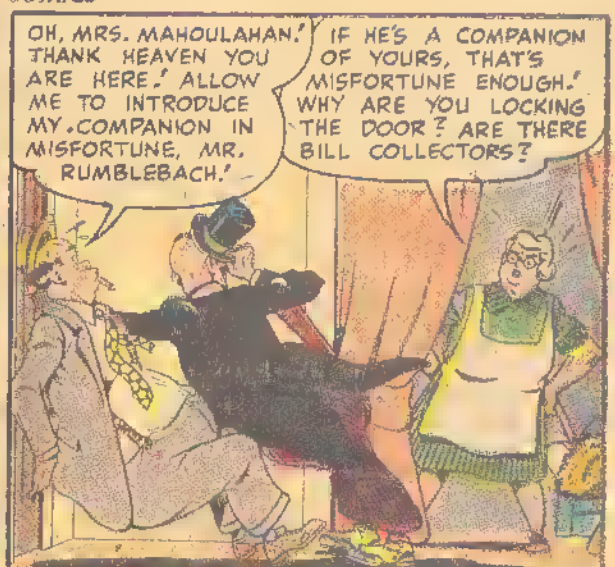
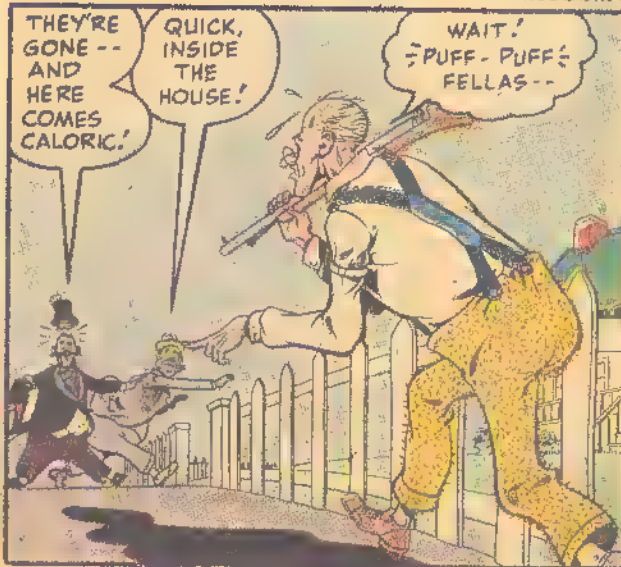


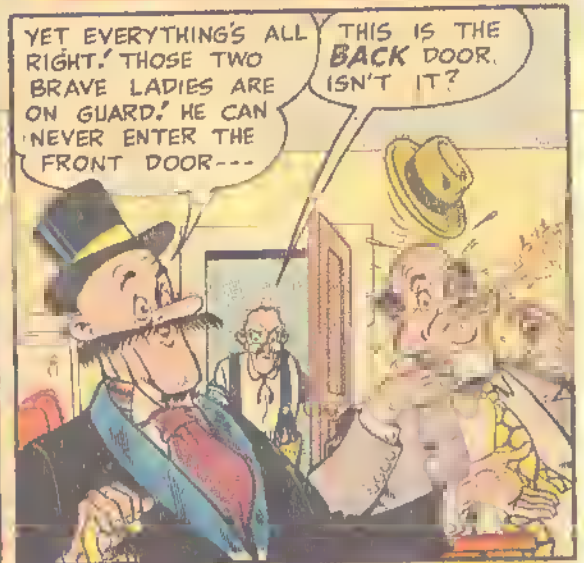
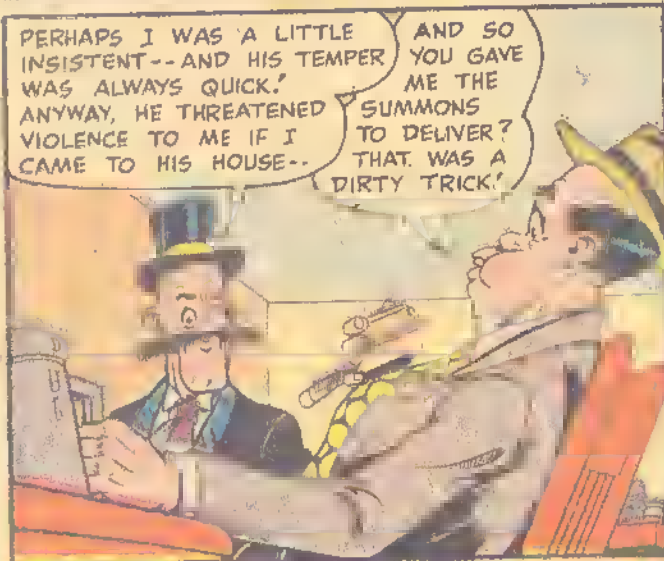
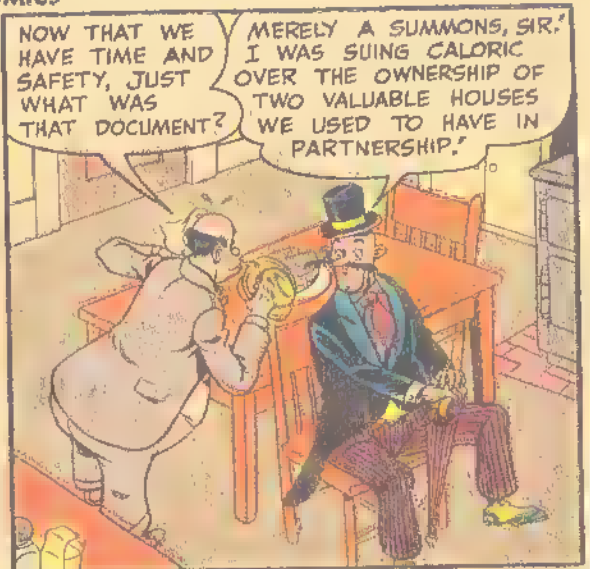
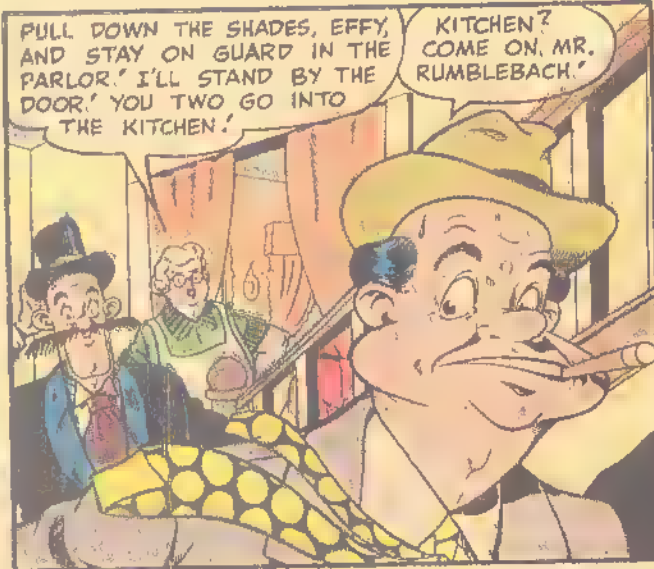
SPEAKING OF GUNS REMINDS ME-- I GOT A DATE TO SEE A WILD WEST MOVIE!

DESERTED! LEFT TO OUR FATE! WHAT SHALL WE DO?



MODERN COMICS





MODERN COMICS

I'D SWORN TO MAKE PEACE WITH MY OLD PARTNER 'RUMBLEBACH, OFFER TO COMPROMISE THE DISPUTE' AND GIVE HIM THE DEED TO **ONE** OF THE HOUSES. I KEEP IT IN THE MUZZLE OF THIS OLD RIFLE.

WH-WHAT?

CALORIC, MY DEAR FELLOW, THIS DEED IS THE **BEST** OF THE TWO HOUSES. GENEROUS, EGAD--VERY GENEROUS.

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT.

GIVE ME YOUR HONEST HAND, MY TRUSTY FRIEND. IT WAS SILLY TO SUE, WASN'T IT?

IT CERTAINLY WAS. LET'S GO TO MY HOUSE AND OPEN A BOTTLE OF CELERY TONIC.

WAIT, MR. RUMBLEBACH! YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE ME FIVE DOLLARS FOR DELIVERING THAT SUMMONS.

SUMMONS? BUT, MR. BRAGG, THERE IS NO DISPUTE OVER THE PROPERTY. WITH NO DISPUTE, THERE WOULD BE NO LAWSUIT --- THEREFORE NO SUMMONS AND NO REASON TO DELIVER ONE.

AND IF THERE WAS NO SUMMONS AND NO DELIVERY THEREOF, THERE WAS NO FIVE DOLLARS AT ALL. IN FACT, WE NEVER MET. GOODBYE.

I WONDER IF THIS MIXUP EVER HAPPENED!

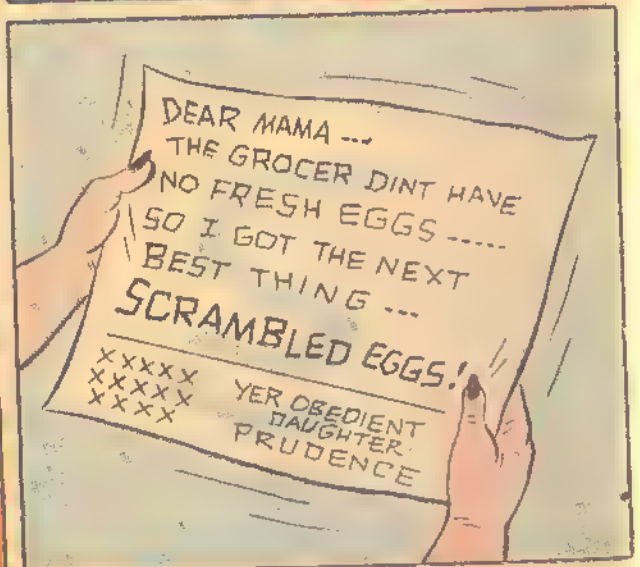
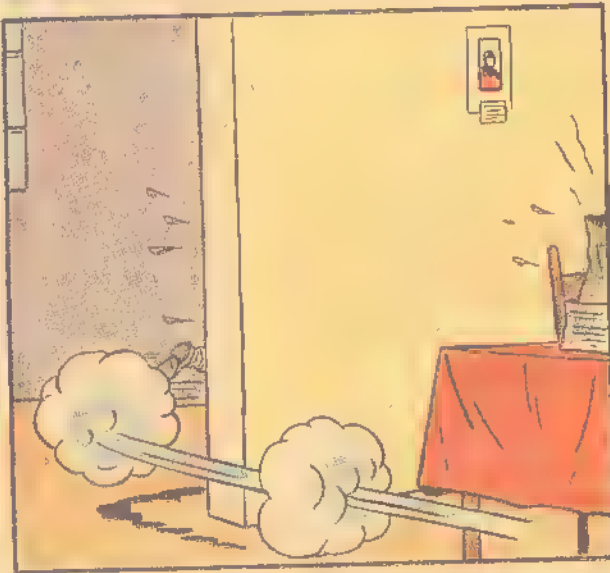
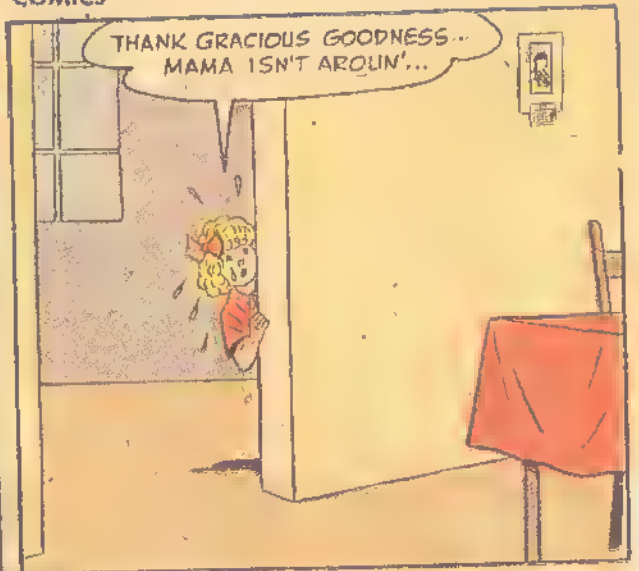
WILL, WE WAITED. AND ---

NEVER HAPPENED? DID YOU SAY IT **NEVER** HAPPENED? SO, IT WAS ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR TALL TALES, WAS IT?

NO. I MEAN, YES. I MEAN, I CAN EXPLAIN--

SO CAN I. IT WAS ALL A PLAN SO YOU AND YOUR NO-GOOD FRIEND COULD EAT MY CAKE. WHY, YOU ---

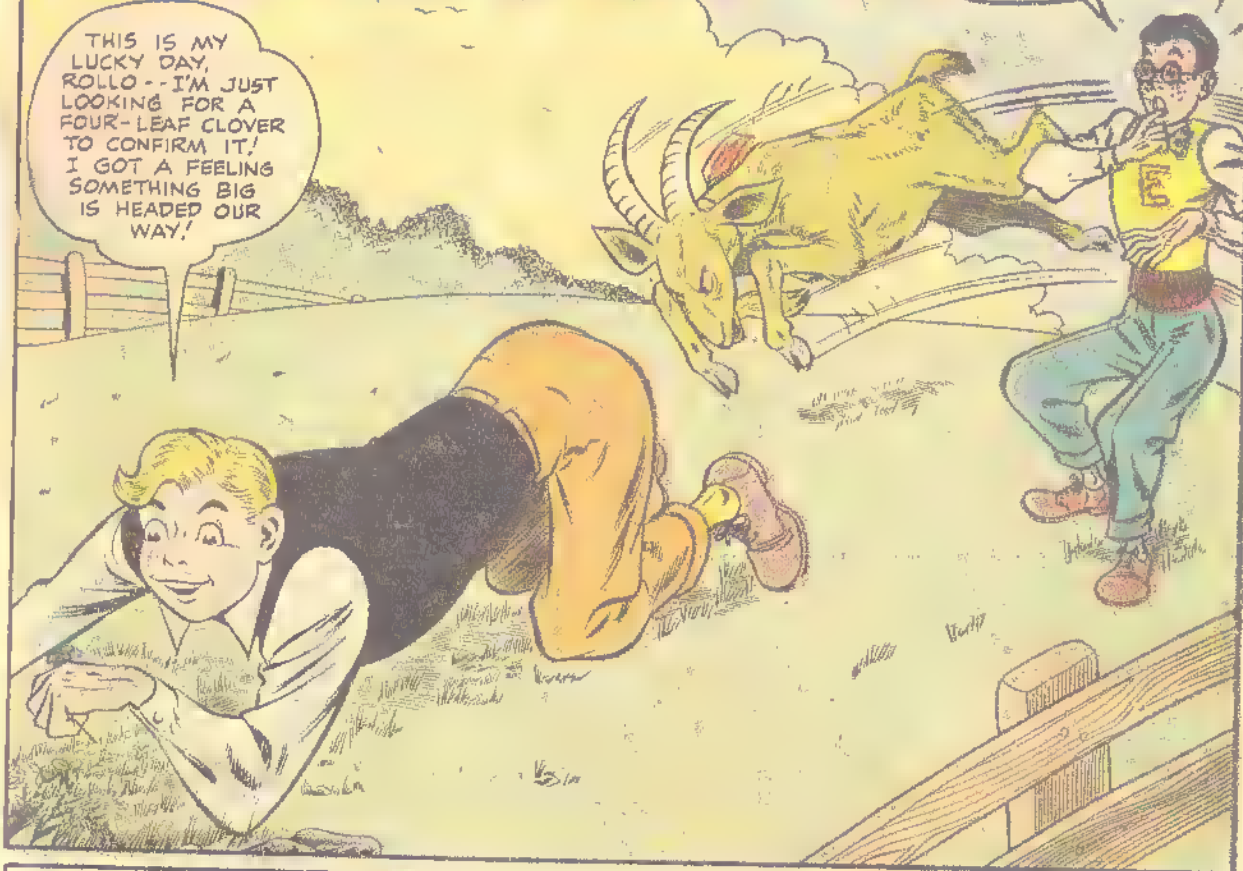
PRUDENCE



EZRA

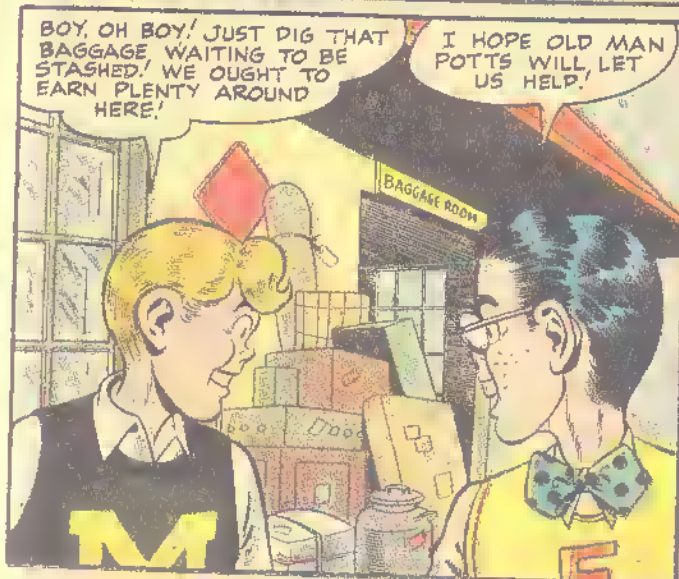
NOT *OUR*
WAY... *YOUR*
WAY, EZRA!
S'LONG, PAL!

THIS IS MY
LUCKY DAY,
ROLLO -- I'M JUST
LOOKING FOR A
FOUR-LEAF CLOVER
TO CONFIRM IT!
I GOT A FEELING
SOMETHING BIG
IS HEADED OUR
WAY!



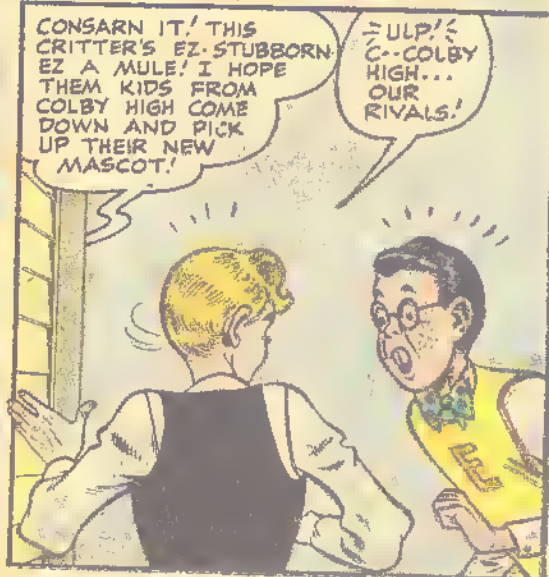
BOY, OH BOY! JUST DIG THAT
BAGGAGE WAITING TO BE
STASHED! WE OUGHT TO
EARN PLENTY AROUND
HERE!

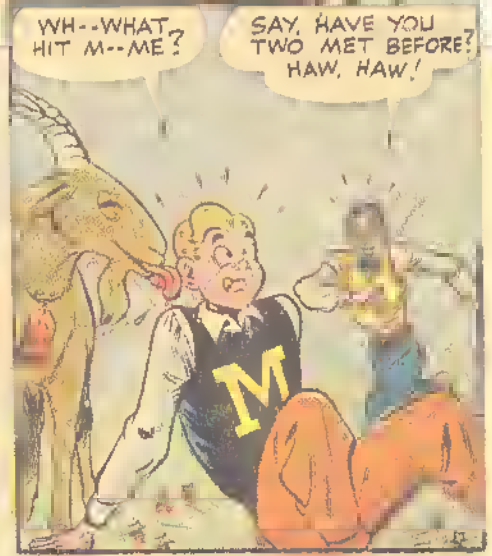
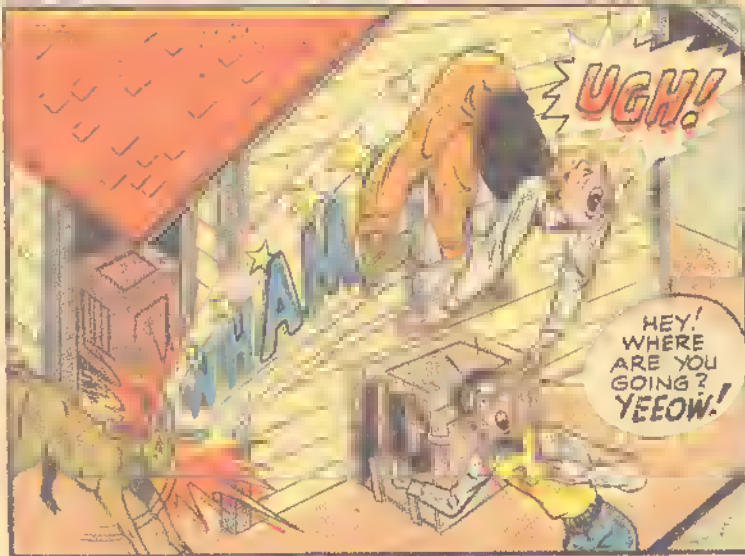
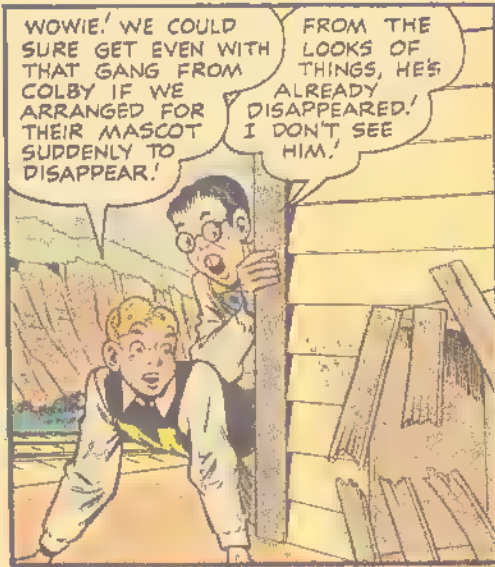
I HOPE OLD MAN
POTTS WILL LET
US HELP!

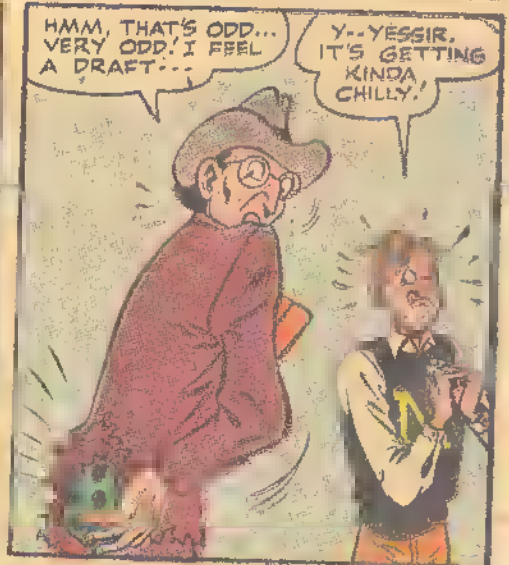
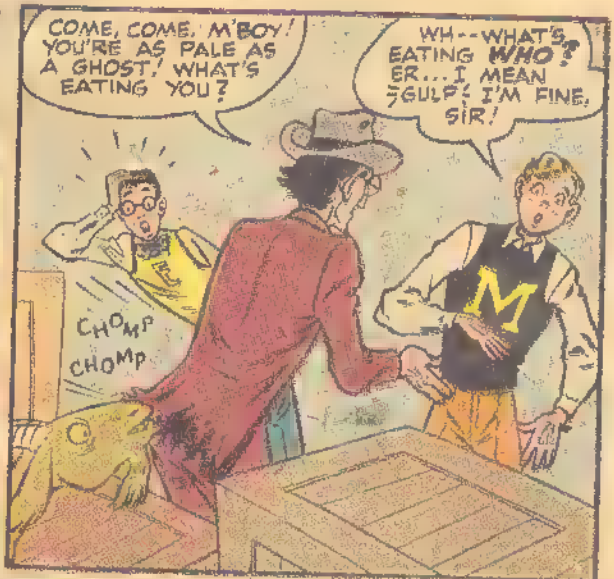
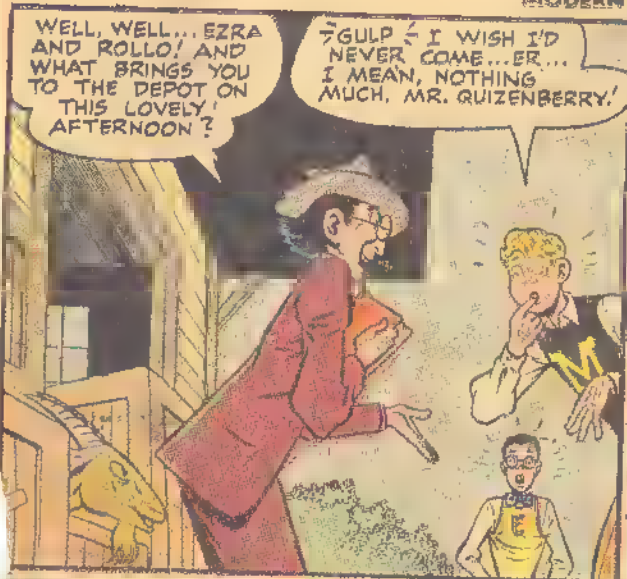


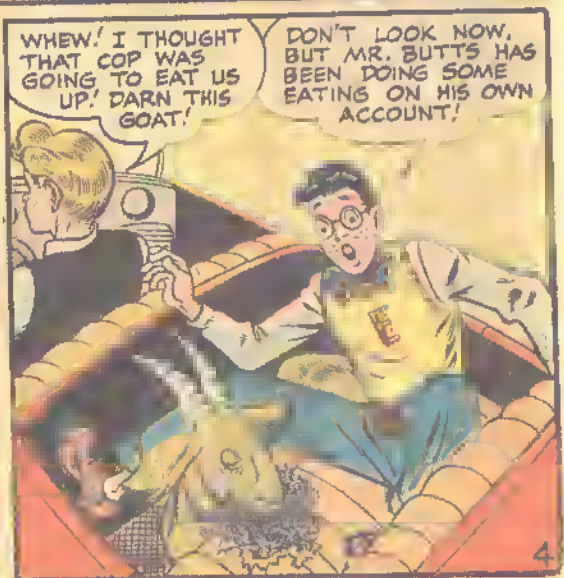
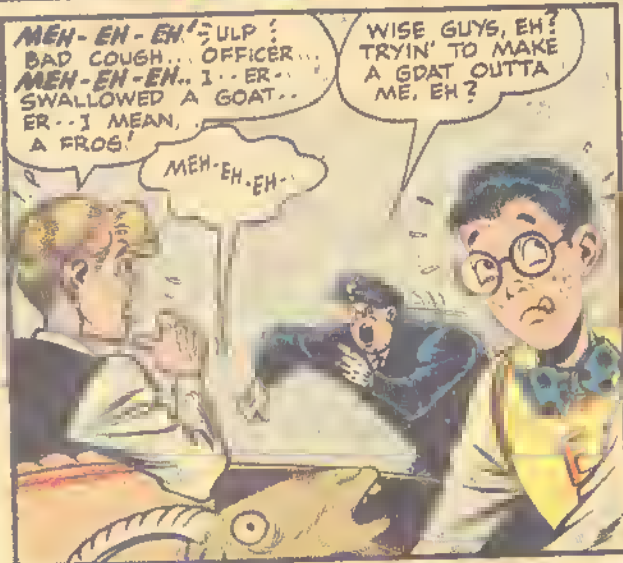
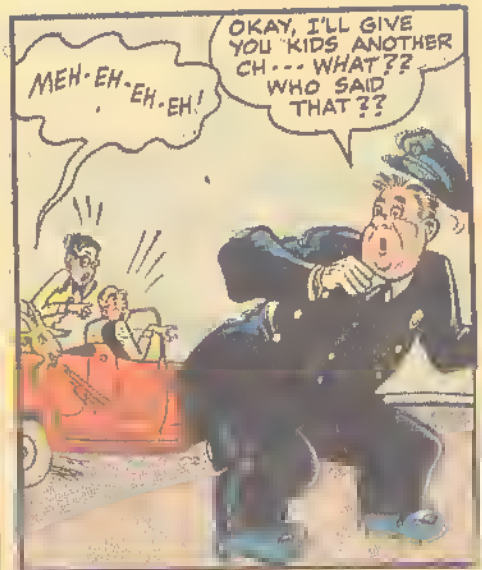
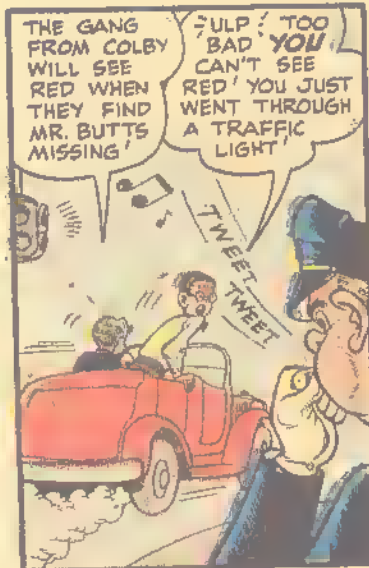
CONSERN IT! THIS
CRITTER'S EZ STUBBORN
EZ A MULE! I HOPE
THEM KIDS FROM
COLBY HIGH COME
DOWN AND PICK
UP THEIR NEW
MASCOT!

UHP!
C--COLBY
HIGH...
OUR
RIVALS!

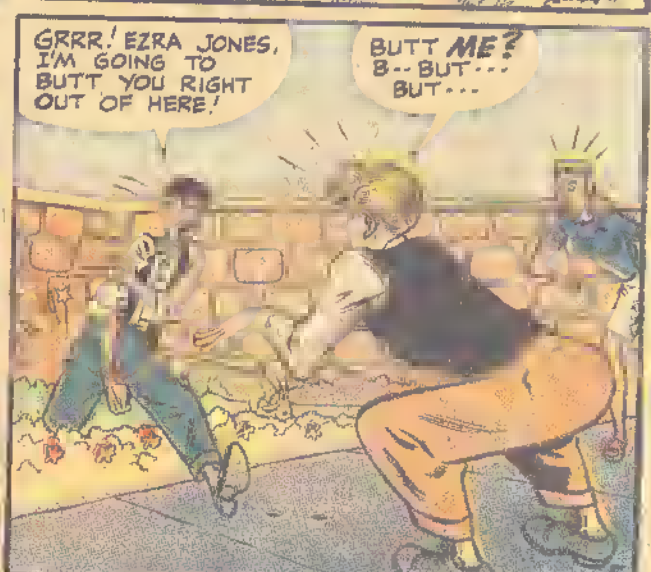
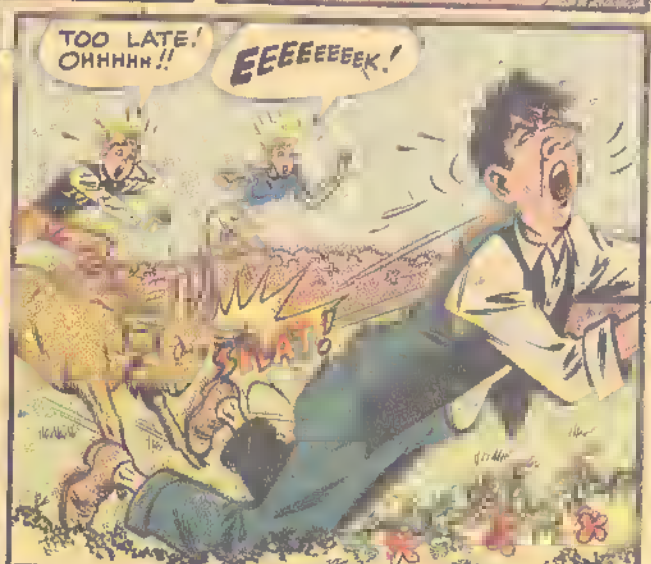
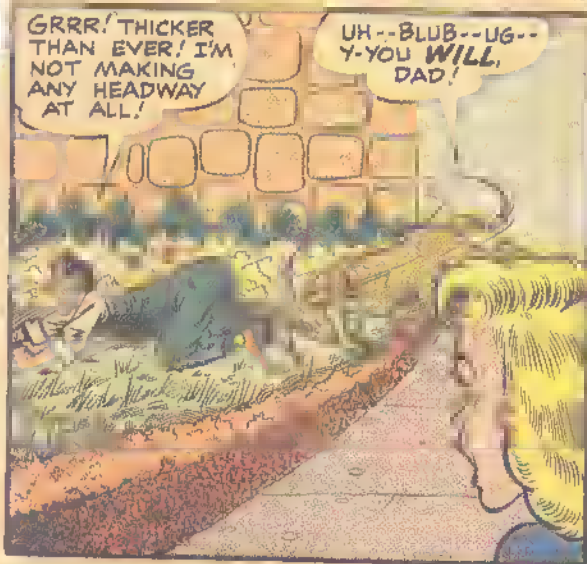
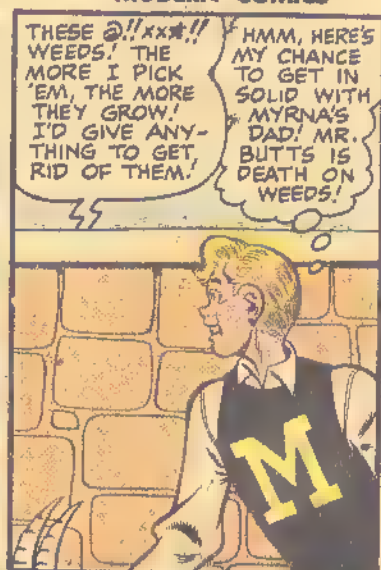


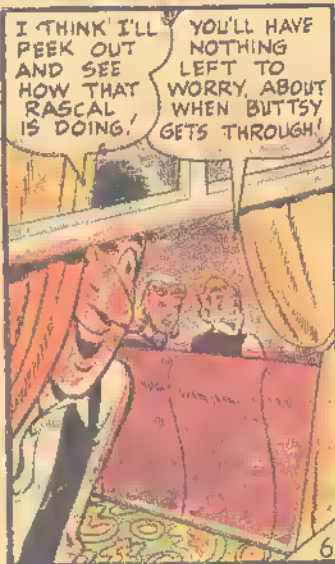
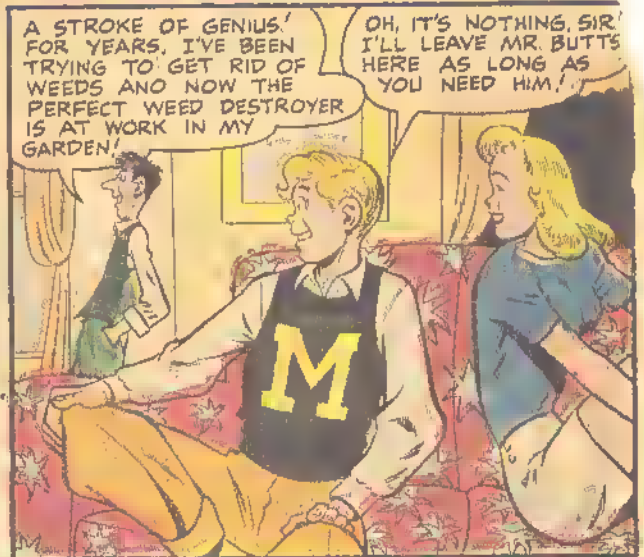
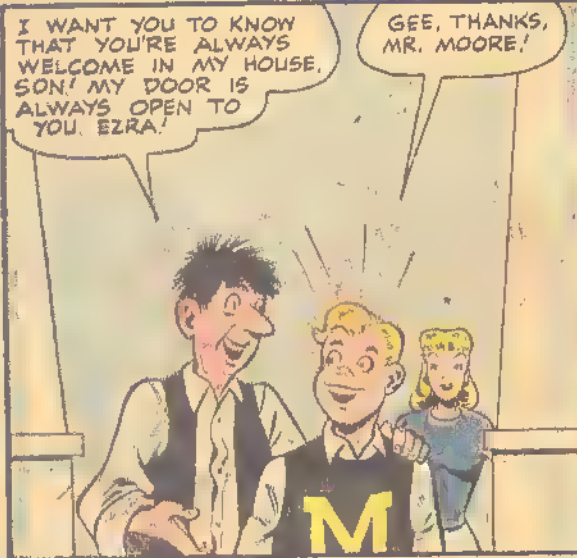
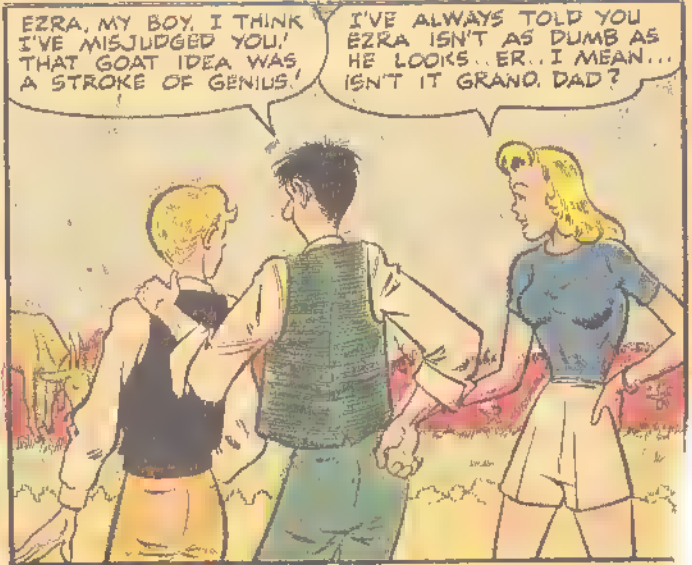
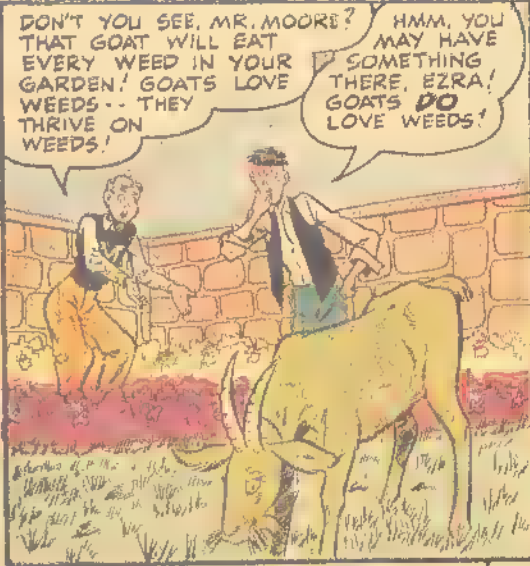


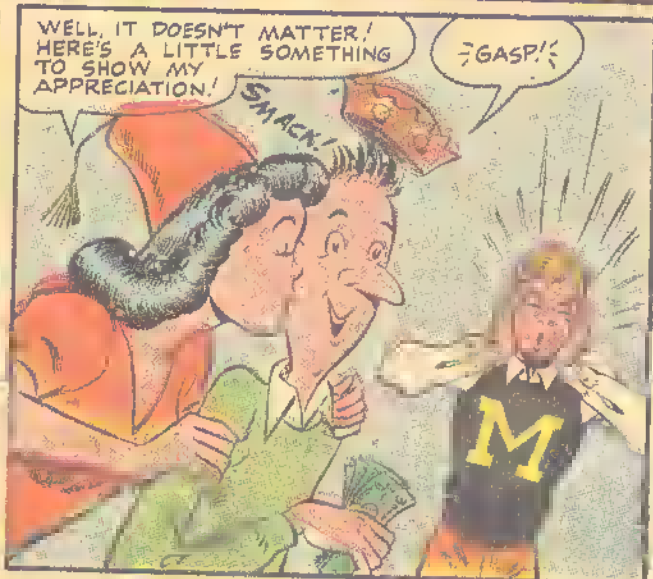
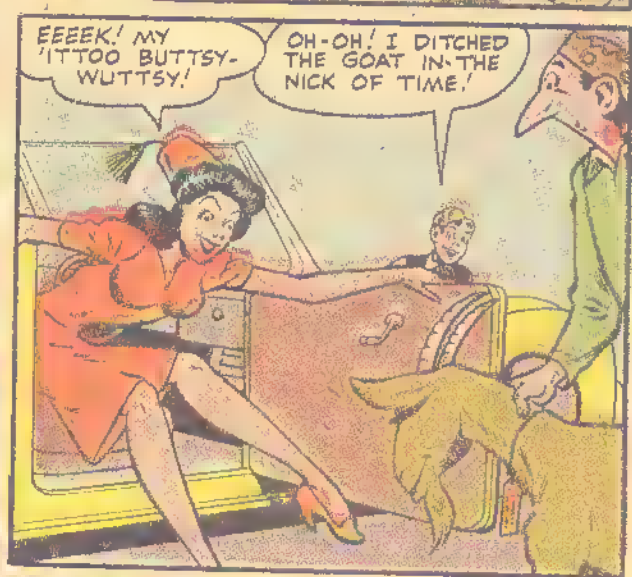
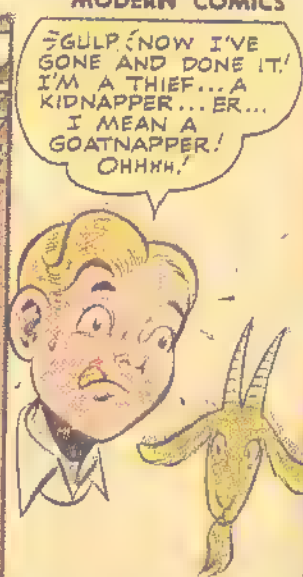
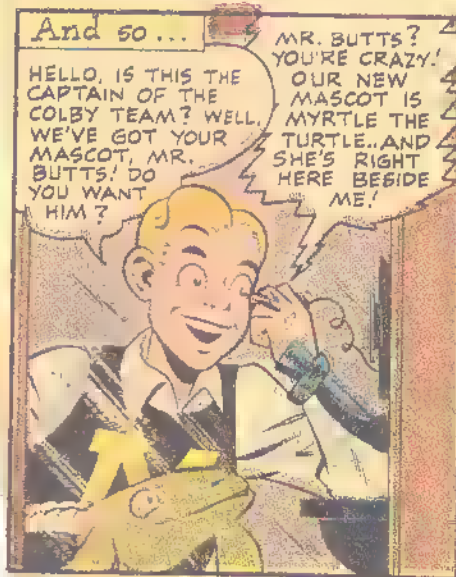




MODERN COMICS







RAILROAD MYSTERY

THE train wreck was just another disastrous one in a mighty list of wrecks. For three years they had shocked the entire country.

What was the cause of these wrecks? Was it simply that war and its great demands on steel and other vital materials had been the factor? True enough, the railroads had not received one-fourth their quota of these materials; hence roadbeds were weakened, rolling stock was in a sad state.

Yet many of the wrecks looked "strange." The investigators couldn't decide what had caused many of them.

Blackhawk was in conference with officials of a large road—the one that had experienced the latest and worst of the wrecks. These officials were at their wits' ends.

"So you know why we've called you in, Blackhawk," said the president. "These wrecks cannot go on. We're losing a fortune."

"And killing a lot of people," added Blackhawk dryly.

"Of course, of course," said the president in a tone that suggested this was more of an afterthought.

The chief engineer spoke up: "I've been showing engines around for thirty years, and I've yet to see the time that I couldn't figure what had caused a smash-up."

Blackhawk looked at him. "Then you'd say that you're baffled for a solution? A cause?"

The engineer nodded. "Mostly broken rails. Rails, let me add, that are sometimes only a few weeks old. The steel tests higher—and better—than any steel ever used in rails."

Blackhawk raised an eyebrow. "If it's not the fault of the steel—"

"It isn't, that I can assure you," said Ransom Dean, head of America's largest steel mill. He said it with a touch of anger. "Our steel is the finest produced."

The president of the railroad coughed discreetly. "That's why Mr. Dean is here," he said. "There is no reason to doubt the quality of Dean steel, sir."

Blackhawk nodded, looking far away. Then he rose. "Well, there's nothing much I can do here. I'll get my men on this—see what can be found out. I think I can have a report for you in a few days."

Shaking hands all around, Blackhawk departed. He walked slowly along the street for a few minutes, thinking deeply. Who would want a series of wrecks to occur on the railroads? How would such disasters benefit a person or group?

Back on Blackhawk Island, the leader of this notorious band of racket-busters called a conference and laid all the cards on the table.

Olaf, a Scandinavian with a head full of general knowledge, especially about iron and its products, said, "It's not any fault of material. It has to be someone who wants the railroads to get a bad name."

"Someone, maybe," said Hendrickson in his Dutch accent. "that wants to start a new kind off transportation system, vat?"

Blackhawk hit the table. "A logical deduction, Hendrickson. That's it, of course."

Dapper Andre smiled. "There are just how many forms of transportation, monsieurs?"

"Lickshaw," chortled Chop Chop. "Me pull-em same once."

The other American, Chuck, rattled them off: "Auto, airplane, boat, horse, sled—and, someday, rocket."

Blackhawk looked at Chuck sharply. "You've forgotten one," he said. "Jupitor!" He leaped up from the table and began pacing the floor. "Sure, why not?"

Twelve eyes followed him. Then Stanislaus in his heavy Balkan roll said, "Would not it be better, yes if you told us—"

"Later," snapped Blackhawk. He was brisk, his eyes flashing. He began barking commands to each in turn. They were to the effect that each member of the Blackhawks was to board a train on a different road and, with special instruments for detecting any flaws or changes in steel, ride the locomotive's cow-catcher.

"Your findings, if any," went on Blackhawk, "will be communicated to the engineer by phone, so that he can stop the train quickly in case of trouble. That all clear?"

The six men said it was.

"Then be on your respective ways," said their leader. "Decide between yourselves which roads you wish to test—What's the matter, Chop Chop?" The latter had been standing on one foot, then on the other; he had a pained expression.

Chop Chop said plaintively, "Mebbeso be all light. Dunno. No Lickshaw lail-loads though."

It caused a burst of laughter. Then the Blackhawks were gone.

Blackhawk himself paced the floor a moment, then hurried to their hangar and stepped into his speedy special plane. Chicago was his destination.

In the offices of the Mansard Monorail Co., there was a party in full blast. All the executives, their secretaries, and even the office boys were whooping it up. This was a big moment. Everything was working out as they had planned—putting many dollars in their pockets.

"Look up last month's stock sales, Dick," said the president of the firm. A youth leaped to do his bidding. After a moment he looked up from a big ledger. "One million six hundred thousand dollars, sir," he reported.

The president chuckled, rubbing his hands.

"Fine, fine. I guess these railroad babies will take a nose-dive plenty soon. The public is scared. So scared that they're buying our stock hand over fist. And we're making a mint."

Ellman, the vice-president of the company, smiled. "You know, Brady," he stated, "if we keep this up, we'll have to build a monorail road for the goons."

A tall, cadaverous man came into the big office, and all eyes turned to him.

"Well, what have you planned tonight, Fritz?" asked the president.

Fritz's smile was an unearthly grimace. "A little business on the Main Limited. Mr. Brady, in a long stretch of rail several miles from any towns."

The heads nodded. Someone said, "I'm getting a little frightened of staging these wrecks, Brady. Don't you think we've had enough? People are buying like mad. All those people killed . . ."

"Shut up, Steve," snapped Brady. "You getting cold feet? You'd better not. We have ways—"

Steve grinned. "Only kidding. Mr. Brady, only kidding." He subsided into himself, looking uncomfortable.

On a ledge outside a window of the office, Blackhawk clung. With a tiny electronic gadget, he was listening to the conversation, which was being taken down on sensitized wire. He had heard enough.

Now he left the ledge, strode down the hall of the big building and went hurriedly down the steps. Outside, he turned on a tiny radio concealed under his coat. It was a general call to the Blackhawks, a demand for a report.

Quickly they began coming in. At last he had Chuck, who was just then boarding the Main Limited. Blackhawk told him what to expect.

"I'll be on the watch," said Chuck.

Blackhawk hurriedly consulted an electric map in the cockpit of his plane, then he shot into the dark night. He landed in a cornfield in the general direction of the stretch of track the cadaverous man had mentioned. The limited would be along in a half hour. Blackhawk had some searching to do.

Carrying an instrument something like a Geiger counter, used in locating lost radium, Blackhawk strode along the right-of-way of the rails. He listened intently. Ah! Ticking. Louder. Louder.

He passed the spot where the ticking began to grow less, turned and retraced his steps. Then he found the machine that caused the counter to register. It was a small oblong box with a tiny hole in the side facing the tracks. Blackhawk bent down, peering closely. The hole showed no light. But by trying several of the glass disks Blackhawk carried, he found that the hole exuded infra-red rays. The box sent forth a dull whirr.

Through the special glass Blackhawk could see a thin beam of blue light emanating from the box and striking against the rail of the track.

"Sort of a 'black light' contrivance," he told himself. "But what the heck does it do?"

He donned a set of earphones and listened, with the detector against the box. Nothing but the dull whirr. He turned the phones up—up until he had passed the cycles that the human ear could detect.

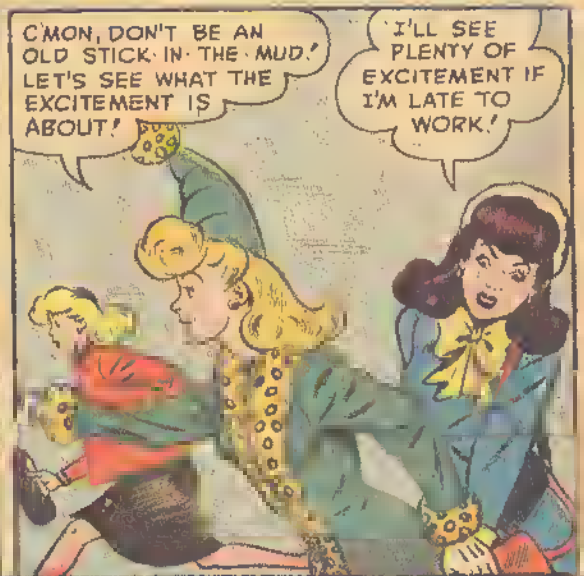
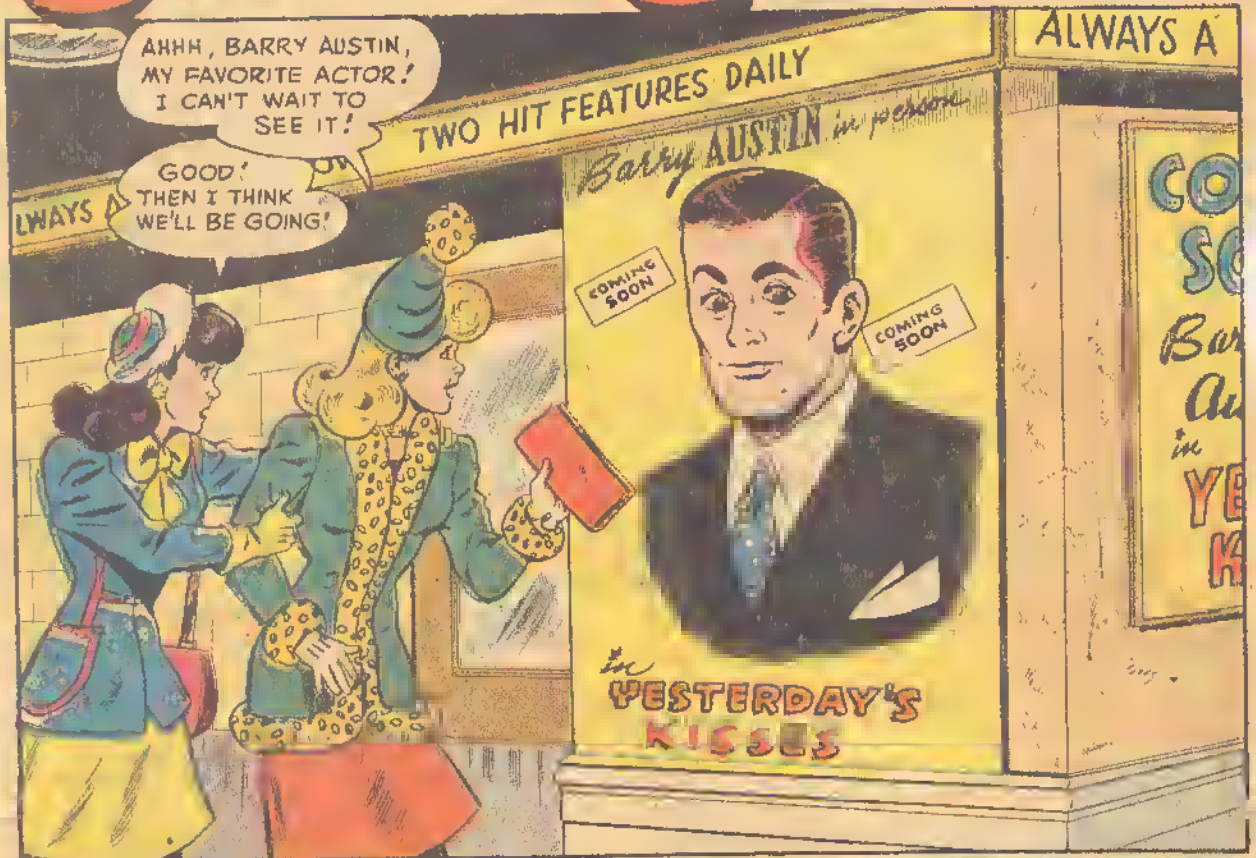
"Ah," he said. "Vibration! Sending a beam of vibration along a track of light. Speed up the vibration enough and anything it strikes, concentrated, will disintegrate it. Such as steel. So that's it!"

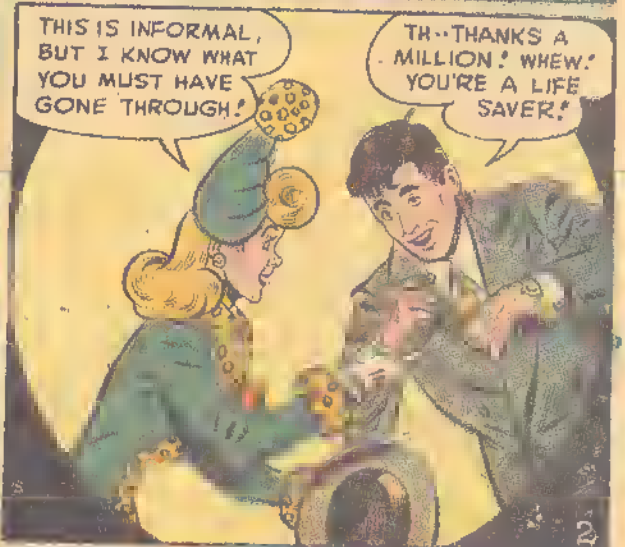
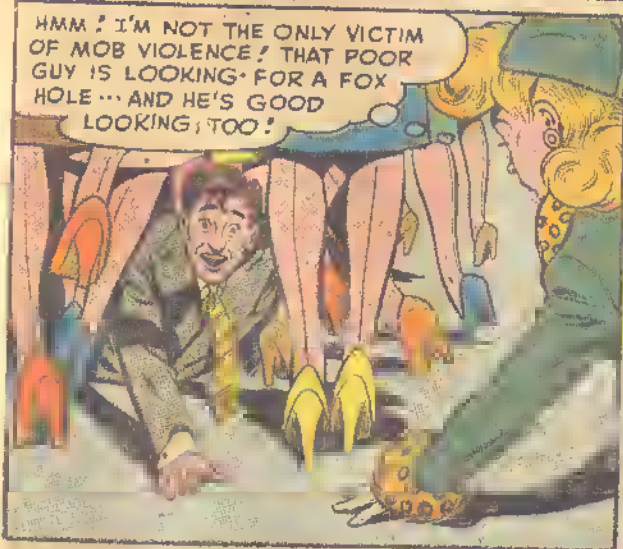
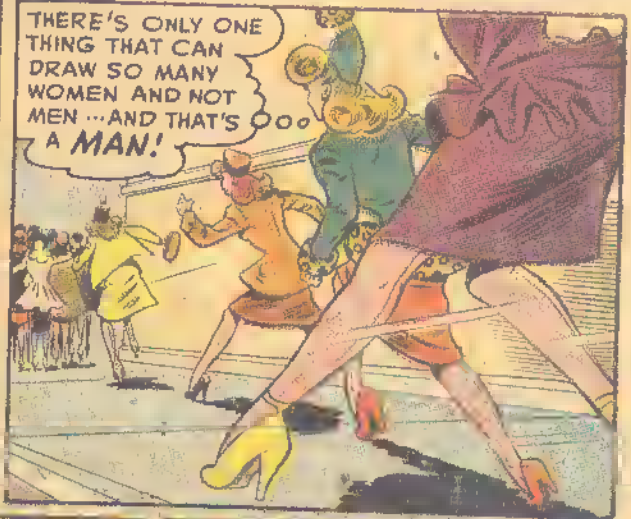
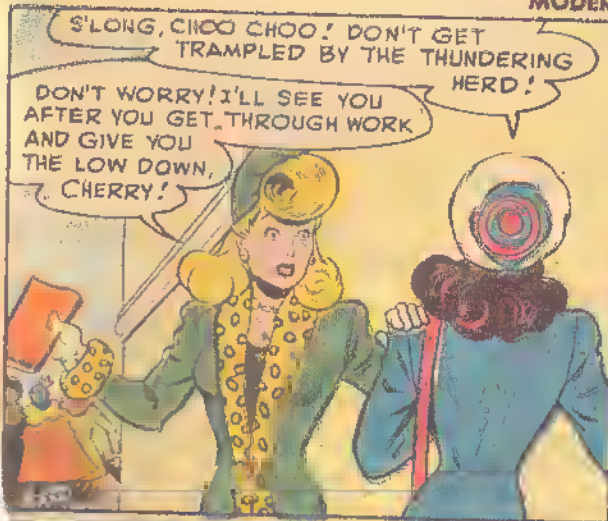
He cut the current from the batteries that fed the mechanism that fed the box. Then he rushed to the tracks and with a red light, flagged down the limited that just then came around a bend.

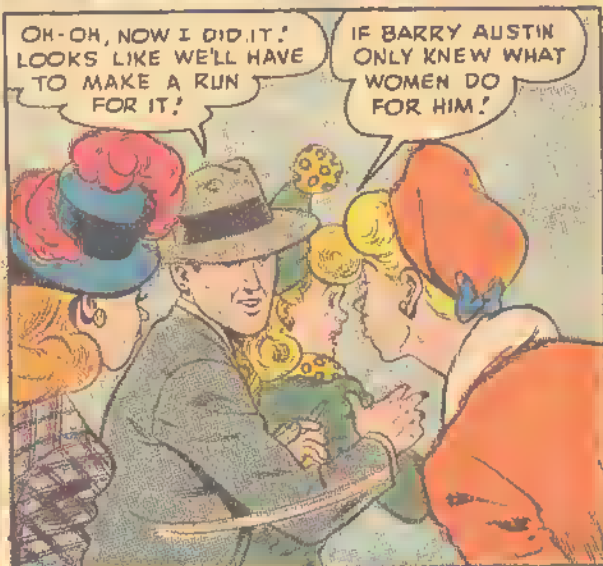
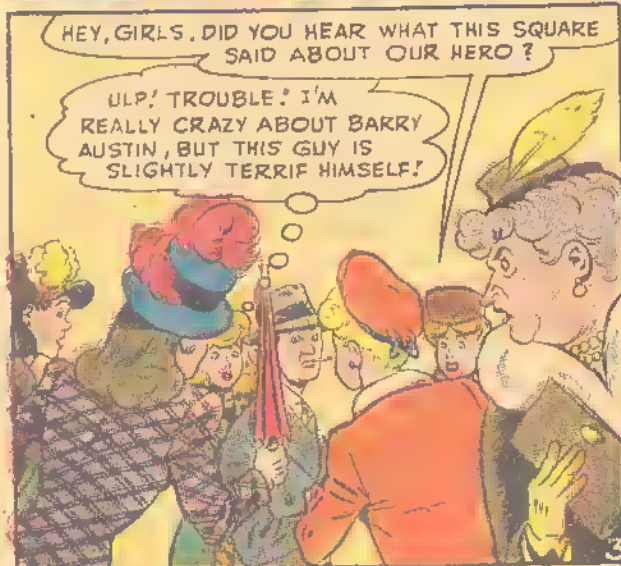
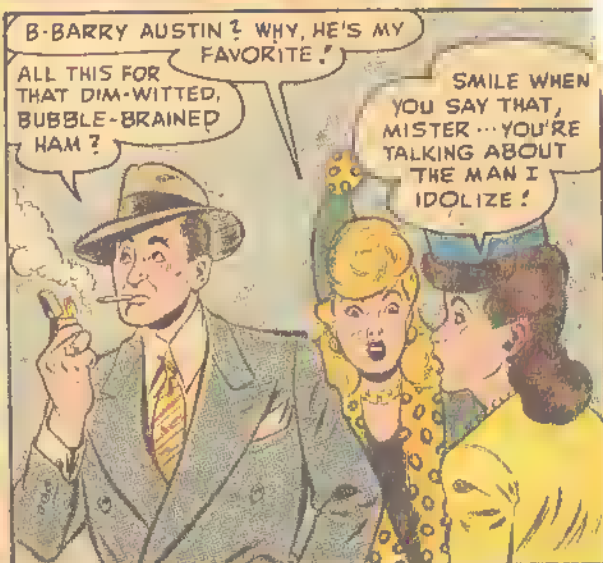
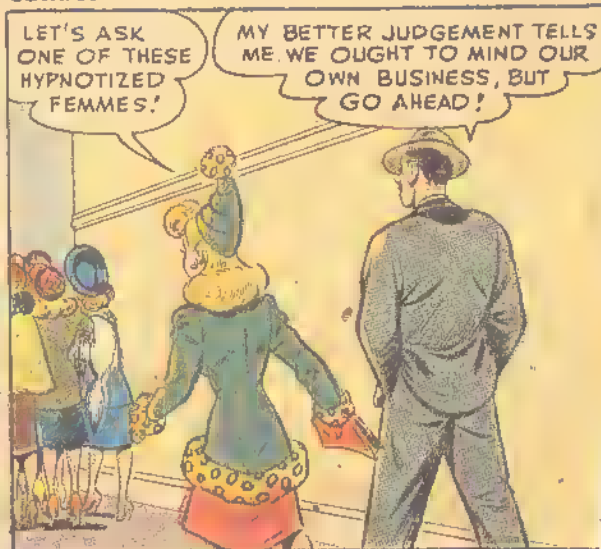
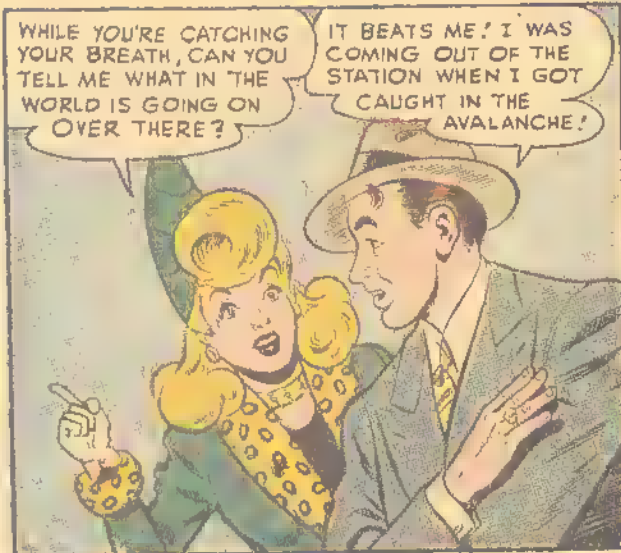
Chuck jumped off the cow-catcher. "I got it!" he shouted. "A Geiger counter."

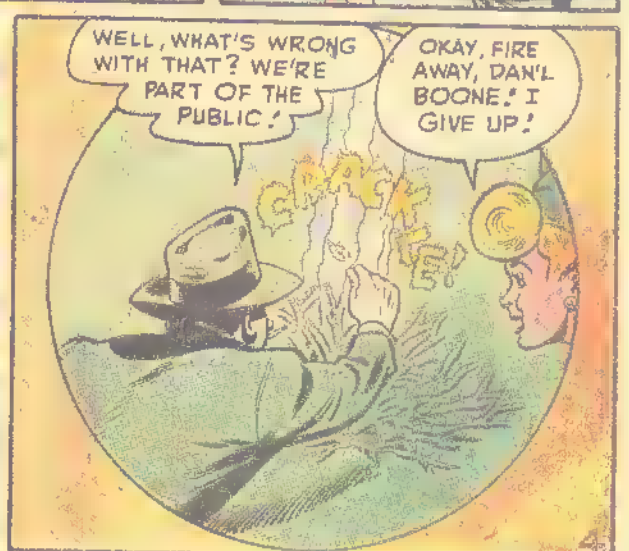
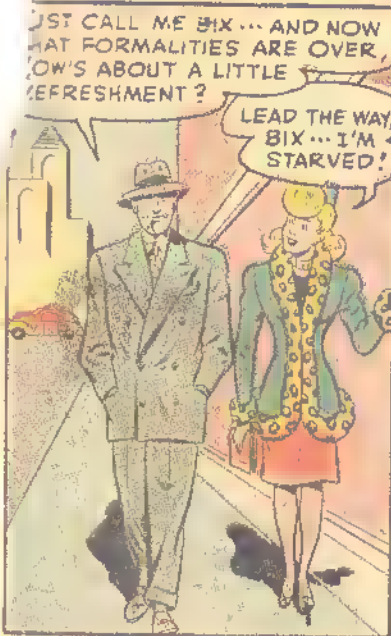
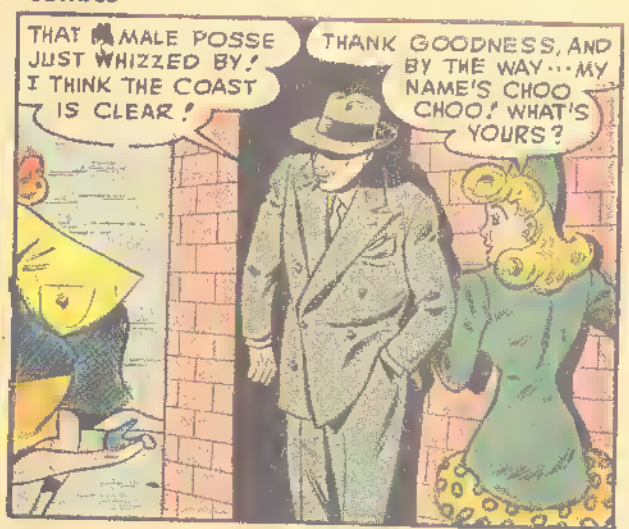
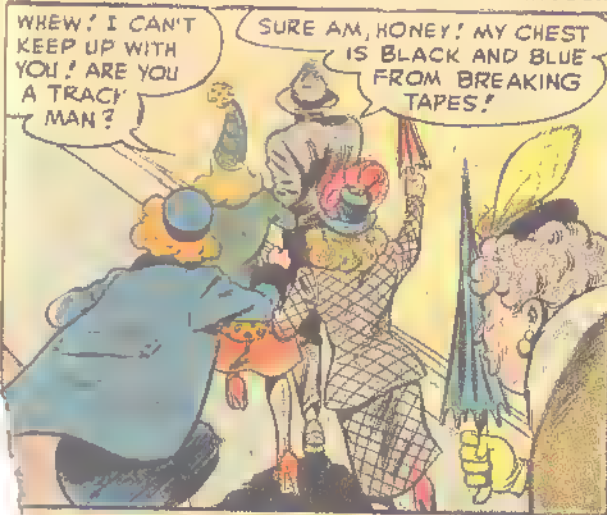
Blackhawk grinned as the engineer and fireman strode up. "That was mine. They were using a beam-directed flow of high vibrations to disintegrate the steel in the rails. It's a nice little plot to put railroads in the dirt and sell stock in a monorail company. Well, I have records of everything. Come on, Chuck, we'll crack down on those rats."

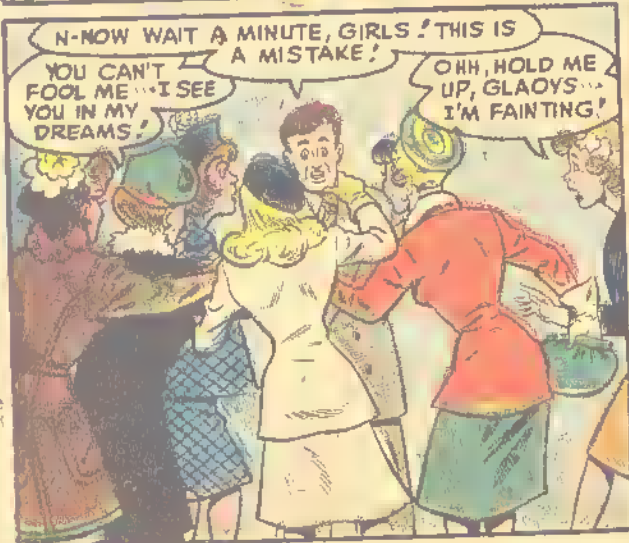
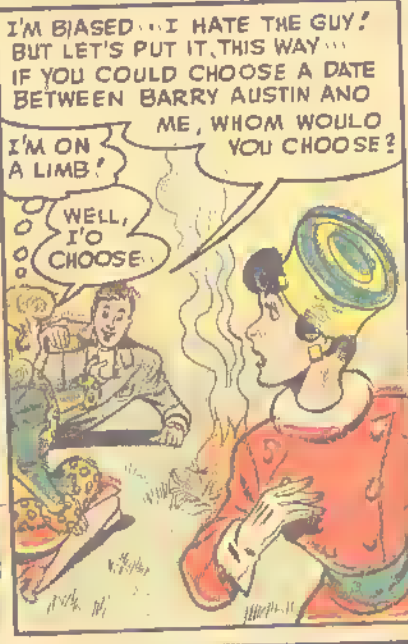
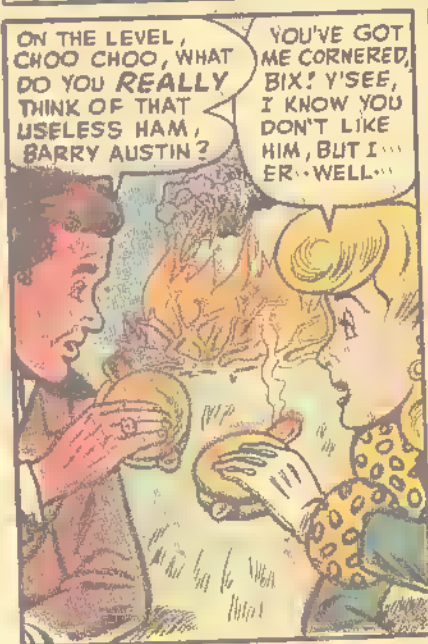
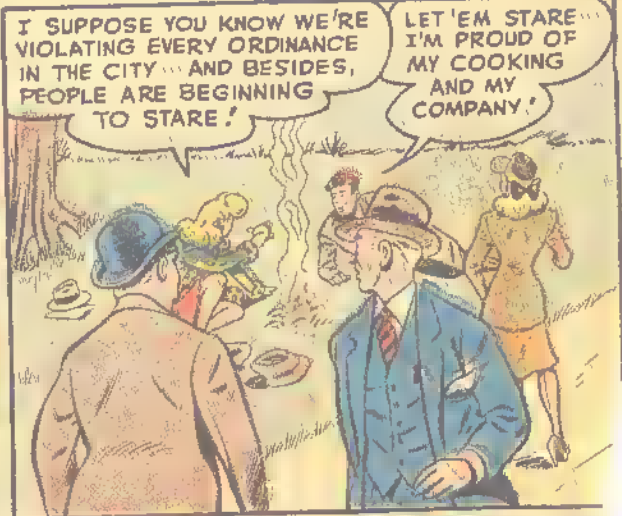
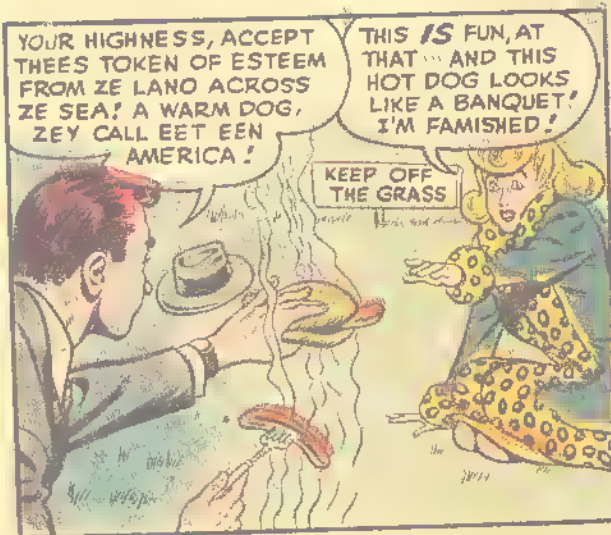
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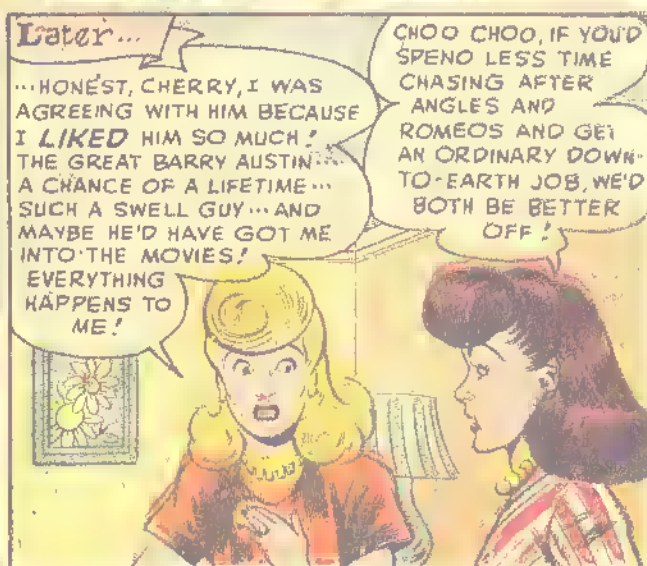
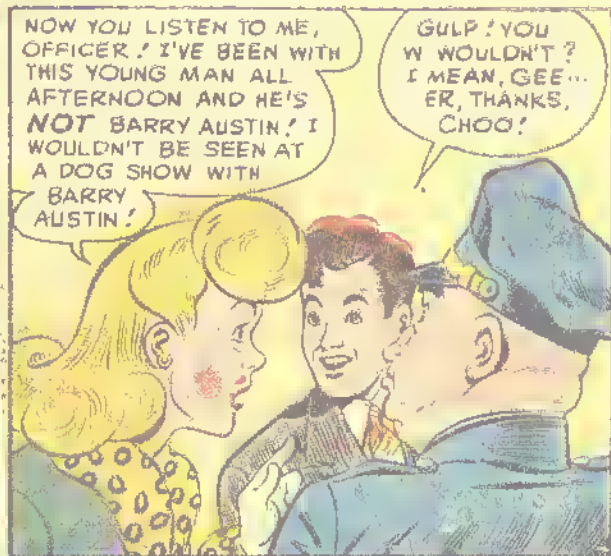












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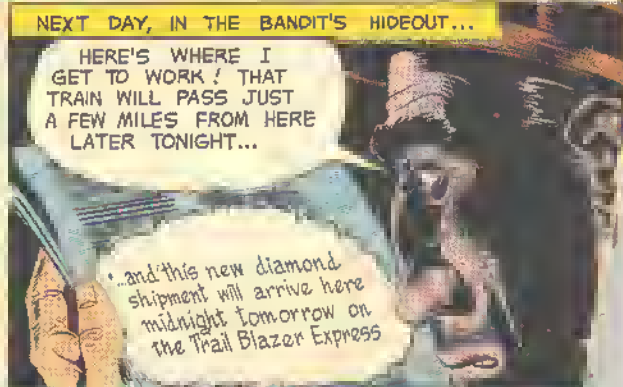
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